

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXXVII.

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1917

UPWARDS

The clock of the universe ticks on without challenging our attention. The celestial dial presents no startling changes to the common eye. The procession of the equinoxes and the planetary cycles arrest only the more observant. No pause in the march of Time forces the frivolous to note the swift reduction of their mortal span. The restless outflow bears us on its bosom to the bourne whence none return. The hint of a destiny that outlasts stars and worlds comes not from without, but from within. This keeps us on the strain after higher things. Art, letters, philosophy, science, bear witness to the passionate effort of successive ages and generations to outdo the past; all the higher movements recorded in history bespeak a growing desire to use the forces and instruments that are won by toil and endurance to promote ends that transcend matter and mere duration. Now, in the backwash of civilization, this resurgence of barbaric ambition which destroys only to revive despots that have been judged and condemned over and over again, we have to recognize the foe that is still to be overcome—the enemy of Progress that has been incarnate in various forms and has borne many imposing titles on the world-stage. As it has been, so it shall be.

THE REAL KINGDOM

Despots fall in the hour of their triumph; even the Caesars and Napoleons are but portents, beacons to warn and instruct those whose lust of gain and power wears specious dispositions that give them temporary predominance. That the symbols and watchwords of religion should give to them their opportunity to corrupt the conscience of their generation is the very mystery of iniquity—the most damning fact in the whole indictment of premeditated and cleverly organized crime. Truly, the War Lords who have starved the German soul and fed the national conceit with false hopes await the just judgment of the age, and will be execrated by posterity!

The future is the kingdom which the good and great alone possess. The singers and sages who "rule us from their urns," the real monarchs who do not pass with the generations, are they who consciously live in the timeless realm, whose are the immortal years that are not registered by the hour-glass and the calendar. The outward forms of Truth that serve the uses of the common day float down Time's stream; Truth itself survives all changes, and they who are priests in its temple-courts share its impersonal wisdom—participate in the on-going current that freshens the world's life. There is no death in thought and love. Old and new are but moments in the endless process which is fashioning the cosmic harmony. We who read the law in the starlit spaces and conform to it in our own activity know that we are a part of the imperishable order; death can have no more dominion over us.

OUR OPPORTUNITY

To live in and for the Truth is to touch the heart of things; the response to the divine appeal is its own immediate witness that we are secure from the corroding effects of moral weakness and spiritual decay. Why should any of us find life stale and unprofitable as the years go on? Why should men and women lose their interest in the wondrous pageant which passes them—deem the human world a fraud and a failure because they have somehow missed the path wherein flowers grow and hope shines overhead? Trouble comes and goes; but in every midnight there is a budding morrow, and a breeze of freshness will stir the stagnancy of sorrow's numbness ere long. No extremity of woe is wholly beyond the reach of consolation. Those who rail at the world, and sneer at optimism as though it were a wilful plunge into illusion, have never taken into account the

master-key of progress—never learned the lesson of wise forgetfulness. The year's misery should fall behind us; a new opportunity is born with the new time. To hug an anxious fear is to get the worst out of it; to brood over a conjectural evil invites its assault. Each day brings its own burden; it is folly to add to it the burdens of yesterday and to-morrow. Rulers learn little, and forget little, alas! Hence their blunders. Most of our individual pains and penalties are traceable to our strange incapacity to benefit by the warnings of experience.

HEADS UP; SMILE

Another stretch of the road opens before us. Shall it bring increase of settled peace, or only a dull repetition of sad hours and useless repinings? It is well worth while to review the situation, to eschew vain and wasteful habits, to live up to our privileges as reasonable beings and as pilgrims in an enchanted land; for, unless all the best minds of the ages have been mistaken, we are now preparing for greater and more enduring activities in wider spheres.

And why try to carry the burden of this present awful visitation except as it properly belongs to our own status and duty? Even this horror will pass, other horrors have passed. It is not in the power of vain mortals, though they were able to snatch Jove's thunderbolts and hurl them upon unresisting victims, to deflect the march of human-kind from the decreed goal.

So, as the hour of transition strikes, ringing out the Old Year, so replete with occasions for regret, but also the thankfulness, we must surely marvel at the wondrous nature of the life that faces such issues. Even "the last enemy" can only hurt us with our own consent. If we own love as supreme, we shall not sorrow as those who have no hope, though the light of our eyes be obscured and we walk in shadowy paths, going softly till our own time comes.

THE OPEN DOOR OF PEACE

As Lloyd George and Sonnino, in their vigorous rejection of the German offer, plainly left the door open for the next word Germany has to say, so does the note which now paraphrases their utterances for the ears of the German people. If the Allies had meant to shut the door, they need not have taken fifteen hundred words to shut it in. "All tentative negotiations," says the note, are "rendered sterile" by the twin pretenses that the Allies brought on the war and that Germany is the victor in it. That is no refusal to hear real offers, not obviously tentative and not garnished with those pretenses. A mere suggestion, without a statement of terms, that negotiations should be opened is not an offer of peace." The hint here is so plain that it ceases to be a mere hint; when Germany states her terms, that will be an offer of peace, as this is not. "A peace conference on these terms" cannot be considered; but how about a peace conference on real terms? Germany, in her offer, "avoids mention" of the subject of "penalties, reparation, and guarantees." The inference is unmistakable that when she is ready to talk about that subject the Allies will be ready, too. And talk about it she must; she cannot have peace unless she does, and Germany must have peace.

She must have peace because she cannot win; because, with the most highly organized military system the world has ever seen, she stands utterly frustrated at the end of thirty months of the most terrible fighting the world has ever seen; because her internal situation, which is certainly unsatisfactory, cannot possibly grow better, but only worse; because her three allies must have it for all the reasons which press her, but which in their cases are multiplied and made imperative. Her first request has met with the answer she undoubtedly expected; now let her move again. It is not too much to believe that that second move has already been planned.

The Allies have not closed the door to peace; they have left it open. They have pointed out to Germany that before the door she has opened there is a vestibule, and that vestibule is Belgium. When she retires from that, and indicates a willingness to discuss reparation and guarantees, they show plainly, as they have repeatedly shown since her first impossible bid was made, that they will enter the open door.—New York Times.

THE INSTALLATION OF ARCHBISHOP SINNOTT

On Sunday the 24th of December His Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Sinnott was invested with the pallium by His Excellency Mgr. Stagni, Apostolic Delegate, and installed as first Archbishop of Winnipeg.

Welcome on his arrival by the major and prominent citizens, the new Archbishop after his installation received the loyal greetings of his faithful people in the address then presented. His Grace's reply we reproduce in full. It is worthy of the memorable event of which Father Patton aptly said: "It marks an epoch; it is the beginning of a new era."

REPLY TO THE ADDRESS IN ENGLISH

"My dear friends: I thank you most cordially for the sincerity and warmth of your welcome. What I knew of you by personal experience, covering more than a decade of years, and what I had learned of you from the good report of others would have been ample assurance to me, in accepting the office which the Holy See placed in my poor trust, that I could count upon you as loyal and devoted Catholics. But from the moment that my nomination was made public, more than a year ago, up to the present hour I have been the recipient of such testimonies of affection and confidence as would have removed even an unreasonable doubt, had I entertained such. Nay, more, when the voice of Peter, establishing this new see, was still ringing in our ears his worship the mayor and the city council of Winnipeg, speaking in the name of all its citizens, Catholics and Protestants alike, graciously addressed to me a message of congratulation and welcome. That message I prize more highly than any words at my command can adequately express. I prize it, not only as a distinction which any man might covet, not only as an evidence of goodwill which is most valuable in itself, and which I heartily reciprocate, but also and principally as a sign and token of the friendly relations which should exist among all classes of our population, and which must exist if we are to bend our best energies, with best results, to the prosperity and progress of our common country. I feel that I am the interpreter of the sentiments of the Catholic body in this city in taking this first public occasion to express, in your name and in my own, our appreciation and our thanks.

"Catholic people of Winnipeg, your name and your fame have long since gone abroad beyond the limits of Manitoba, and people in other provinces have spoken of you in terms which I conceive to be the highest form of commendation—they have spoken of you as Catholics whose fidelity had been tested and had not failed, whose practice, carrying with it the element of sacrifice, contained a promise and a hope of great achievement. Your name and fame have gone even beyond the broad Atlantic, and Rome, the mother and mistress of all the churches, has seen fit to recognize and reward your fidelity by erecting a new cathedral in your midst, to be your crown and glory, not for a day but for generations yet unborn. I am not surprised, therefore, that you have come forward with open arms and loyal hearts to receive the unknown whom Holy Church has sent to you. I am not surprised indeed, but I am gratified and pleased beyond measure, and I only regret that I cannot find words to express how deeply sensible I am to the reception which you have accorded me. In your faith I find comfort, in your demonstration of welcome I find consolation, in your protestations of loyalty I find an abiding hope that, whatever poor measure of fitness I may bring to my task, success, with the blessing of God, may crown our united efforts.

"Catholic people of Winnipeg, we are reproducing here in this city today a scene that has often been witnessed in the Catholic world. A new citadel of the ever living faith of Jesus Christ has, by the authority of the Holy See, been erected in your midst, and we are but carrying out the ceremony which will give effect in practice to that decision. There are two sentiments which well up in our hearts in this occasion, the one a sentiment of admiration towards our predecessors and the other a sentiment of gratitude towards our Holy Father the Pope.

MEMORY OF EARLY MISSIONARIES

"It is but fitting, you will agree, that we should pay the warm tribute of our veneration and love to the memory of those priests and prelates who first traversed these plains in quest of souls and who nursed into life and vigor the plant which sprang from the seeds of truth they had sown in toil and sacrifice. Their memory shall be held in perpetual benediction and shall live on in the lives of men, to stir to speech and action whenever and wherever the work of God is to be done. It would be ungrateful not to recognize their merit, and I hope I shall not be the last to seek inspiration and courage

in the zeal and devotion of their lives. Where there is as much merit it would be invidious to particularize, but I may be allowed to say how pleased I am that we have His Grace of St. Boniface with us today and that we have thus the opportunity of tendering him and the ancient and venerable see over which he so worthily presides the expression of our admiration, our affection and our thanks. I may be allowed to add how gratified I am that the ceremony of today takes place in this church served by the Oblate Fathers, for we can rejoice with them in the great glory unto which their work has come.

"The second sentiment is one of gratitude to our Holy Father the Pope. By the favor of heaven we have with us today the delegate of the Holy See in this country, and I find it an easy and agreeable task, in your name and in my own, to lay at the feet of His Excellency the homage of our gratitude, affection and reverence. For thirteen years I have been in closest touch with the representative of the Pope in this Dominion, and I am not exaggerating when I say that I sever these relations of intimacy and confidence with feelings of the deepest regret. I may be presumed to know whereof I speak, and I can affirm, without halting or reserve, that the nearer one comes to the throne of Peter, the deeper and more intense the admiration and love. If I bring anything with me besides the commission and charge of the Vicar of Christ, it is the ambition and the purpose that here upon the western bank of the Red River, in this city, great in its present prosperity, but greater still in its future promise, there may grow up a church whose dominant characteristic will be devotion to the Holy See. I would have His Excellency believe that, come what may, the church of Winnipeg will be devoted to the See of Peter, the deeper and more intense the admiration and love. If I bring anything with me besides the commission and charge of the Vicar of Christ, it is the ambition and the purpose that here upon the western bank of the Red River, in this city, great in its present prosperity, but greater still in its future promise, there may grow up a church whose dominant characteristic will be devotion to the Holy See. 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THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

Author of "Cardons," "Borrowed From the Night"

CHAPTER V

In the course of time another daughter and a son came to the new home on the hill, and the added lives and attendant cares appeared to separate Lucy from her parents and drive her to the home of Aunt Jenny and Uncle Major when she sought the companionship of older minds. Aunt Jenny resented the apparent neglect of her idol.

"Lil' Miss I'll have to leahn to look out fo huse', I tell you," she confided to her husband. "Mistah Frazier don't have no thought but fo his boy, an' Mis,' she jus' thinks de sun rizes and sets on dat baby gyrl. Lil' Miss has got evahthing she needs, ceptin' love."

"Yoh su'nly is talkin' in yoh sleep, ole woman!" exclaimed Uncle Major. "If Lil' Miss ain't got love, I'd like to know who's got it."

"Yes, she's got love, Lil' Miss hab," said the old negress, "but not de way she want it."

"Dey ain't nobody gits things jes' de way dey wants it," observed Uncle Major reflectively. "Dey good Lawd don't tend we should, I reck'n, leastways I ain't nevah seen nobdy dat did. Yoh 'membah how 'twas wif ole Marse? He'd done got evahthing—big plantation, fines' ladys in de lan' fo his wife, plenty uv suavants an' money an' a likely son to come in aftah him; an' he'd give de lan' an' slaves an' money, an' mebbe his son, Joh' one to lil' gal. 'Mahah,' he said so to me, when me'n lil' S'ly was playin' by de old cabin doh, 'Mahah, dah ain't nuffin on earth so sweet as lil' dathe's love.' An' den I known dat my masteh dat could a done dey's what he wanted to do, wah jealous uv me, kase I had dat lil' black gal to love me. No'm, yoh don't fine it nowhah dat anybody gits jes' de things he mos' wants. Ise an ole man, an' I see much, but I ain't nevah yet seen de man ob de woman dat wouldn't giv all dey's got an' dat othah folks thinks is so good, foh some lil' thing dat ain't be 'lowed 'em. So Lil' Miss ain't no wuss off'n de res."

Aunt Jenny sat silent under the philosophizing of her spouse. Perhaps she heard him, although it is more likely that she did not, so full was her mind of her "Lil' Miss," who was now entering upon a girlhood which promised to be as stormy as her childhood had been. She came in upon the old couple now, a little willow basket in her hand.

"Yoh jus' like an angel, Lil' Miss, an' yoh mammy's anothah," said Aunt Jenny, for though Mrs. Frazier had not her entire approval, her kindness could not be forgotten. "Wah's yoh ever away so long dat you don't come to see us no mo'?"

"I was down Wednesday and this is only Saturday," said Lucy, taking a stool and watching Uncle Major, who was lifting a coal of fire to drop it into the tin cup of water which he was on the point of drinking.

"What makes you do that, Uncle Major?" she demanded.

"To het it up, Lil' Miss, a-cou'e, he replied. "An' to mek de wattah taste good. Dah ain't nuttin' bettah foh yoh system dan wattah wif a coal uv flah dropped into it."

As they were talking, the door opened, and a young negro boy came in. He pulled off his cap and stood attention, while Lucy surveyed him.

"Dats my datah's younges' boy," said Major, proudly. "He's come to stay wif us."

"What is your name?" asked Lucy.

"General Joe Jerry Stanton," replied the boy.

"But what do you call yourself?" she demanded.

"Joe," he answered.

"We's been tellin' Joe all about yoh, Lil' Miss," said Uncle Major, "an' he's be'n mighty anxious to git to see yoh. An' I tol' Joe he mus' allers 'membah yoh's Lil' Miss de same as cuhs, an' tek ca' uv yoh de same as we would. An' Joe 'll do it, foh he's gwian to be a good boy."

General Joe Jerry's eyes were bulging with pride as he listened to his grandfather, and generations of loyal attachment to white superiors brought to being in his heart a devotion for the child of the stranger that time was destined to prove after the way it tests most of the affections of humanity.

"I know whah dah's a red-bird's nes' wil fo' young 'uns in it," Joe confided as he climbed the hill with Lucy, carrying the basket on his arm.

"You mustn't touch them," commanded she.

"Why, don't yoh want 'em?" he exclaimed.

"Certainly not!" she answered.

"How would mamma feel if some one were to steal the baby?"

"Dey's think dat much mo' yoh," suggested Joe, who had heard things not intended for his ears.

"No, they wouldn't," she said, shaking her head. "They'd just miss the baby. I tell you what—I'd like better than the bird's nest—to ride the sorrel colt. But I've got nobody to help me put the bridle on him."

"I'll he'p yoh," immediately said Joe.

"Oh! I just knew you would, as soon as I saw you," cried the delighted child.

"How soon do yoh want to ride him?" asked Joe, proudly.

"Right now, if I could," she answered. "But I can't, for it is too late, and if papa were to know about it, he would forbide me. But tomorrow afternoon, while papa is taking a nap and mamma is reading, and little brother and the baby are asleep we'll do it. They'll think I am playing in the orchard, and won't bother about me. I know how to ride, do you?"

Joe admitted that he did, and Lucy informed him that while she was exercising the sorrel colt, he could mount old Molly.

The following afternoon they coaxed the colt, as yet broken only to the bridle, into the stable, and after considerable effort, succeeded in getting the bit into his mouth. Then they led him to the fence, and while Joe held him, Lucy climbed the rails and sprang astride his back. On the instant the colt felt her weight, the domestication of centuries was forgotten and the wild nature of more centuries predominated.

With a leap that took away Lucy's breath, he left the fence and started across the hill, she clinging with fear-tightened hands to the light chestnut mane.

On he went until the fence separating Mr. Frazier's land from the Stanton plantation was reached. Though high, he took it and plunged down the valley, at the distant head of which gleamed the white walls of the Hall.

It happened this Sunday afternoon, that, while his grandmother slept and his pretty mother entertained her now accepted suitor Arthur went forth into the fields with a book under his arm, and Molly by his side. It was cool in the valley under the willows that guarded the brook, and he often spent vacation hours there reading, and often Molly accompanied him. They were in their accustomed place when the beat of the colt's feet reached their ears. They sprang up, and as they saw the colt coming toward them in maddened bounds, Lucy caught sight of Arthur, and then will failed her. Her hands lost hold on the long mane. A sickening sensation swept over her, as another leap of the frantic animal flung her into the air. An eternity seemed to pass, during which she felt herself falling, falling—would she never reach earth? Then, unconsciousness.

"It's Lucy Frazier!" exclaimed Arthur. "I reckon she's dead. Hush crying, Milly!"

He caught the weeping Milly by the hand, and held it closely in his, as they ran to the place where Lucy lay motionless in the sunlight. He dropped on his knees beside her, and felt all his strength slipping away from him as he looked on her still, white face. He forgot the weeping Milly. He forgot himself. He touched one of the outstretched hands, and as he did so, he suddenly remembered how his grandmother would feel for his pulse when he complained of feeling ill. With trembling, cold fingers he sought the pulse in the little blue-veined wrist, and finding its faint throbs, something broke in his heart. She was not dead!

"Here, Milly," he cried, taking off his hat, "run down to the brook and get me some water! Run, I tell you! She may die!"

Milly needed no second bidding when Arthur was the speaker, and before her little bare feet carried her through the newly-cut briars, whose sharp thorns pierced, then Arthur bent over the unconscious Lucy. He noted the delicate fairness of her face, the fine outline of her eyebrows, the long curl of her lashes, and the pathetic, appealing droop of the pale lips. This was not the Lucy he had hated, the Lucy to whom he had become indifferent, but another Lucy, one unknown until this hour.

Then the miracle happened. The white lips opened and the blue eyes looked deeply into his. Something seemed to run into the boy's heart, and it flooded his face with light.

"Oh, you're not hurt!" he cried, as she pushed him away and struggled to rise.

"Where's the colt?" she asked, faintly.

"He's gone! We can't catch him."

"I—I think I'll go up to Aunt Jenny's," then said Lucy.

Up the hill ran Milly, the water dripping from the straw hat and the blood oozing from the pierced feet.

"Throw out the water, Milly!" commanded Arthur. "We don't need it."

When she reached his side, he took his moist hat from her hand and said:

"You can get back to the house, Milly. Take my book with you. I want to go up to Aunt Jenny's with Lucy."

It was like a journey through an unreal world to Lucy, that walk to Aunt Jenny's. The familiar hills and trees, the little stream playing in the sunshine, seemed something wholly apart from her life; and further away than heaven to her conscious mind was the log house, dimly seen, toward which they were moving and in which she would find rest from this strange weariness that oppressed her.

She knew that the boy walking by her side was Arthur Stanton, but his voice as he talked to her and hers as she struggled to reply, appeared to come from a great distance; and the things of which he spoke, the runa-

way colt, his surprise and Milly's grief, were as far off from her existence as his words from her ears. Her feet grew heavier with each step, she was anxious to rest them, but she knew she must reach the log house, so that Arthur could return to his book and Milly. She could see Aunt Jenny sitting in the shadow cast by the house, in her Sunday white apron and blue calico dress, and Uncle Major lying on the bench where the sunshine fell.

"I suppose Aunt Jenny wonders who we are," Arthur was saying, as the old negress turning her head and beholding the approaching pair, rose slowly from her chair and watched them in amazement.

"I suppose so," said Lucy, faintly, as she dragged herself forward. Then the world began to whirl around her—trees, hills, the log house and white-aproned old woman waddling toward them. Fast they spun and faster, trees flying after hills, Aunt Jenny whirling after the trees, and the log house after its mistress. This was the end of the world, about which she had so often puzzled. She gave a last thought to her mother and little brother, and then the black gulf swallowed her up.

"Where have you been, Lucy?" asked her mother, as the child entered the kitchen and began to carry the dishes out to the dining-room.

"Down to Aunt Jenny's," she answered.

"Didn't you see it was getting late?"

"No, ma'am, I didn't see it," said Lucy. "I was asleep in Aunt Jenny's big bed."

A brown showed on Mrs. Frazier's brow.

"Hereafter, Lucy, when you are sleepy, you must come home," she said, and receiving Lucy's promise to do so, the incident closed.

With the dawn of the morning, however, Lucy caught a better perspective of the previous day, the crowning beauty of which was the complete change in Arthur's feelings toward her. It was well worth being pitched headlong from the colt, and running the risk of a broken neck, to have him for a friend. Her little heart laughed as she remembered his chivalrous conduct, the sacrifice of the book and the devoted Milly to accompany her to Aunt Jenny's. She wished she could recall what he had talked about on that memorable walk, but his words were lost in the strange sleep which had overtaken her. When would she see him again, she wondered, as she gathered the raspberries for dinner.

Then she heard a soft voice calling:

"O Lil' Miss, may I come in? I see something somethin' yoh."

She turned quickly and saw Joe, perched like a monkey, on top of the bar that opened into the garden from the stable lot.

"Yes," she said, slowly, hoping her mother would not see him.

"Wusn't dat de quickies' ride yoh evah took?" he asked, not knowing what else to say.

"Why didn't you hold him?" she demanded, although she knew she was well pleased that he had not done so.

"Deed I tried, Lil' Miss," cried the boy, "but I snatched de bridle outer my han', jus' like I snatched dis berry off'n du bush," and in illustration, his little hand disappeared down his throat.

Lucy's fear of her mother's displeasure, should the boy be discovered, grew stronger, and she asked:

"What have you got for me?"

"Guess!" he said.

"I can't!" she rejoined, petulantly.

"I'm in a hurry. Mother wants to make a pie for dinner, and is waiting for the berries."

"Tain't Aunt Jenny sen' it," he replied, with a broad grin.

"Uncle Major, then?"

"Nor, Uncle Major! Guess!" teased the boy. "I tell you I can't! You're a bad boy to bother me like this. Give me what you have for me, and go right away."

Instantly Joe drew from his pocket a square piece of paper, folded, with one corner turned down. Lucy's fingers trembled as she opened it and read:

"Dear Lucy:

"I hope you are well and the colt got along all right. I laid down the fence between us, so he could get back without having to jump. I have a good story-book if you want to read it. I will leave it down at Aunt Jenny's this afternoon. It is a good book. I read it to Milly and she liked it, too. Good-bye."

"Your sincere friend,

"ARTHUR STANTON."

Lucy's cheeks were like the pinks nodding along the garden walk, and seeing her happiness, Joe's eyes glinted with delight. As a reward she gave him a handful of berries, and when she was alone, she read again and again the note. "Your sincere friend, Arthur Stanton." Was there ever such good fortune allowed a little girl? What would not Sylvie Dalton give to receive such a note?

And when he was going to leave his favorite book at Aunt Jenny's, for her! Straightway Lucy determined that she would be there to receive it from his own hands. Monday, however, was a busy day for her mother, and Lucy's services were in constant demand. Not much hope was there of getting away, with the little brother needing her company and the infant Commonweal-

th. "But where a woman has the will, she has the way, as has been said of old, and Lucy early proved her claim to feminine wit. As she was leaving the table after dinner, the remainder of the raspberry pie suggested the possibility of a visit to the

log house, and she asked her mother's permission to carry it down to the old couple. Mrs. Frazier, rejoicing to see such consideration in her daughter, readily gave the permission to do so, when the dishes were washed and the baby rocked to sleep. The dishes flew through Lucy's hands, but the baby was not so easily disposed of. At length the eyes so like her own were closed, the prattling voice grew still, and Lucy stole from the room, and taking the remainder of the pie, started for the house in the hollow. As she drew near it, her steps became slower, she began to wish she had not come, then she hoped Arthur was not there.

The doctor closed his watch and dropped it into his vest pocket, released the limp wrist and placed it gently upon the coverlet, then glanced questioningly at the white-clad nurse who was inspecting the thermometer she had just removed from the patient's lips.

"The fever is two degrees below normal, doctor."

"Ah! And the heart is perceptibly weaker. Do not leave the room and wait Mrs. Jennings very closely. In case of a sudden sinking, give a hypodermic injection at once and phone me."

The man standing at the foot of bed went very white at the doctor's words, and his folded hands clenched until his nails dug deep into his palms, but he was unconscious of physical pain.

"Doctor, you are not giving up all hope? Surely, there is something we can do?"

"I have done all that I can, Mr. Jennings. While there is life we may hope, but your wife is in the hands of God."

A movement of the sick woman brought all quickly to her side. Slowly she opened her eyes, as if with difficulty, and glanced around the room from doctor to nurse. Meeting her husband's anxious face, she smiled wanly, and her eyes moved on as though seeking something more. With an evident effort she raised her hand to the pillows and felt among them. Her face twitched with anguish and her mouth dropped with unutterable sadness.

"Oh! It's—true. It's—true. I—thought—perhaps it—was—but—a—deadly—dream." She murmured, and with weary eyes again closed her eyes.

"Hypodermic at once, nurse."

As the doctor worked rapidly he tried not to see the expression of the grief-stricken man beside him. Acquainted as he was to suffering, the intense misery of the young husband called forth all his sympathy.

"Jennings, go out and take a brisk walk. Your wife will rest for an hour or two now, and perhaps we will need you then."

The man dropped upon his knees to kiss the forehead of his wife, and, as he arose, his eyes fell upon a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus that hung upon the wall.

"Dear Sacred Heart of Jesus," he breathed, "leave her with me. I need her so."

"Following the doctor's advice, he left the house and passed quickly up the street, but his thoughts were back in the sick-room beside the form of the woman he loved, and over and over again he whispered: 'Sweet Heart of Jesus, save Margaret and let her live.'

Unconscious of direction or surroundings, full of anxiety for his wife and engrossed with earnest prayers for her recovery, he was heedless of the passing throngs of humanity, until in turning a corner he bumped into two ladies, almost causing one of them to drop the baby that she held in her arms. With a hasty apology for the accident, he stepped aside and permitted them to pass before him. As they walked on, a little gust of wind blew back the cover and the man got a fleeting glimpse of the red, wrinkled, little face of a very young babe. Suddenly he stopped, and for one full moment stood immovable, his soul filled with

In a whisper, the man unfolded his plan, but the nurse shook her head, as though she expected no results from the experiment; but as the man persisted, she took the infant and, undoing the little cap and coat, carefully straightening out the little slip; then, crossing to the bed, she laid back the covers and placed the child amid the snowy pillows; but the man was not satisfied and, leaning over, he lifted a tiny velvet hand and laid it gently upon the cheek of the sorrowing mother. Dropping to his knees, he repeated over and over:

"Sacred Heart of Jesus, help!"

It seemed an eternity to the watchers, but in reality it was but a few minutes before Mrs. Jennings stirred slightly, as if she felt the pressure of the soft baby-fingers. Her hand passed over the little body up to the soft, satiny skin, and dwelt lovingly on the little head. Her eyes opened and fell upon the little form beside her, as the baby, awakened, beat the air with its little fists and gave a lusty cry of disapproval. In an instant the mother arms went out and the child was clasped close to her.

"I've had such a dreadful dream, John," she smiled; "I thought the baby was dead, but he's wonderfully well and beautiful, isn't he dear?"

And soon the mother and babe were sleeping peacefully, and the husband and nurse smiled in approval. Then the man turned towards the two waiting figures at the door. Motioning them to follow him, he went into an adjoining room.

"I can never thank you sufficiently for your great goodness. I feel certain now that my wife will recover. I will go over to the hospital at once and try to procure an infant, and we will not tell her that it is not hers until she is stronger and has learned to love the one we will adopt."

"Would you not like to have the baby that is in your wife's arms now?"

"I would be willing to give every cent I possess to have it," the man said earnestly. "But, of course, you would not part with it."

"I think it will be best to tell you the whole story. The baby's mother was our youngest sister. She was buried yesterday." It was with difficulty the women kept back their tears, but she went on: "A year ago, disregarding our pleas and entreaties, our sister married a man whom she had met at the office where she was employed as stenographer, and left with him for Chicago. We really believed that the man loved her—she was such a dear sweet child, it seems impossible for any one to do otherwise—and our objections to him were based solely on the fact that he was not a Catholic. She wrote to us often but never gave us the slightest hint of her troubles. Soon after their marriage, it seems, he began to scoff and make fun of her religion and attempted to compel her to remain away from Mass. He laughed when she reminded him of the promises he had made to the priest when they were married and assured her that, should they ever have any children, they would never be baptized or raised in that 'idolatrous faith,' as he chose to call our dear religion."

"You can imagine that my sister suffered intolerably, praying constantly. For herself she had little fear, for the faith of our fathers was bred so firmly in her that no persecution could make it waver, but for the little babe that was coming she dreaded the worst. One morning he caught her as she was slipping out to Mass, and in great anger, because she dared to disobey him, he struck her, knocking her down. When she recovered sufficiently she left the house, taking nothing with her but a small grip, and took the first train for this city."

"You can imagine our consternation when she almost staggered into our home. Our indignation knew no bounds when we heard of the inhuman manner in which her husband had treated her, but we had little time to think of those things then. That night she became very ill and asked for the priest. The baby came next day and she regained consciousness long enough to plead with us that we never permit her husband to have the child if we could prevent it."

"You see, sir, we dare not keep the child for fear he may come back into our home. Our indignation knew no bounds when we heard of the inhuman manner in which her husband had treated her, but we had little time to think of those things then. That night she became very ill and asked for the priest. The baby came next day and she regained consciousness long enough to plead with us that we never permit her husband to have the child if we could prevent it."

"When I agreed to come with you, I thought perhaps the hand of God was leading me and, now that I have seen the picture of the Sacred Heart above the bed, I am sure of it. My sister is a bookkeeper with the firm of B. & L., whom you no doubt know well and I have just completed my training as a nurse at M. Hospital, and we are able to give you every reference you may ask as to the respectability and good family of the child."

Mr. Jennings could hardly believe his good fortune. After telling the details of his prayers, he continued:

"I shall be glad to adopt the child and make it my own legally. But I do not wish to take it out of your lives entirely. We shall require a nurse and, if you will stay, I will be

glad to have you remain and assist us."

"O! I'd just love to. I just dread to leave Louise's baby, and, if you will permit me to be its nurse for a while, it will be more than I dared hope for."

The older woman spoke:

"The ways of God are indeed wonderful! Just think how He led us towards each other this morning, when we were so perplexed about the baby's future, and in doing so answered not only our prayers but our dead sister's and Mr. Jennings' also. Truly all of us have much to be thankful for and ought never cease to be grateful to the dear Heart of Jesus for what He has done this day."

CATHOLICISM AND HAPPINESS

Garrett Pierce in America

Balzac has a striking story of a scientist whose whole life was ardently devoted to the quest of the Absolute. Though he neglected the dearest ties of relationship for the sake of his pursuit, though he relentlessly sought the great object as a miser seeks gold, he miscalculated through expecting to find the Absolute in created things. The scientist found the Absolute only in death.

The scientist's fate is a parable of life. All men are seeking happiness with passionate and feverish search. There is a veiled figure denied of all the nations of the earth. The God of their dreams is a hidden God. Partly for that reason, partly through their own negligence, many men make miscalculations in identifying this mysterious figure, the object of all human ambition. Some identify the desired object with wealth, and believe that this can satisfy an immortal spirit. Vain thought! Wealth does not meet the deep needs of the human heart, for the greatest millions ever seek restlessly for more, and, until he is laid on the peaceful couch of death, his heart refuses to be quieted.

The great object of man's quest is identified by others with voluptuousness. Omar Khayyam ever had, and ever will have, his followers. The world has had time enough to test Circean wine and the Dead Sea apples of indulgence, and it has experienced that the wine becomes bitter, and the apples become ashes.

The heart of a voluptuary, even of a Solomon with all means of selfish gratification at his disposal, finds no rest. The ancient Ecclesiastes breaks forth into the sigh of vanity, and the modern Ecclesiastes, the Faust of Goethe, reveals to us wine, wit, wealth and voluptuousness as the unsubstantial baubles of a child's dream that dissolves into illusion.

Even the pleasures of the intellect do not quiet the cravings of the human heart. A Newton after a lifetime of partially successful study, after having made a few giant steps across the boundary of the unknown, compares himself to a child gathering a few pebbles from a limitless ocean. The great Bossuet adds that the thoughts which have not the eternal for their object pertain to the domain of death.

Those who make frantic efforts to identify the goal of human desire with finite and created reality are like those in France who try to give solace to the grieved human heart in time of war, by beating drums and by singing the "Marseillaise." Human need is too deep to be satisfied with such pitiful fanfare.

Yet there must surely exist some worthy object to satisfy this deepest need of human nature. Unless the laws of nature are nugatory, this object exists. It is the method of science to recognize that faculties have their objects in nature. Correlative supposes the existence of correlative. The eye, when it was first made, supposed the existence of an object to be seen. The fin of the fish suggested the existence of water. The wing of the bird supposed a sustaining medium. Is it to be thought that the deepest need of human nature alone has no satisfying object?

Is it to be believed that nature is vain? Not so. The object of human happiness then exists. It is not, we have seen, mere finite reality which can satisfy our hearts. It remains that only the Infinite, only God, is the worthy object of the quest of the human soul. The cry of a great genius, Augustine, rings true: "We were made for Thee O Lord, and our hearts will never rest till they rest in Thee." How appropriate was the phrase applied by the Old Testament to the Messiah: "The One desired of all the nations of the earth!" For all nature, whether rational or not, whether animate or inanimate, is groping after God.

Everyone, then, who has found God, has found a mood where all quest ceases. The thousand ills that flesh is heir to cannot rob him of that peaceful mood. The least in the kingdom of God becomes akin with the most advanced mystic in the sharing of this gift of peace. The ceaseless mind and the restless heart find an oasis in the desert of life. But this rest in God, attained by life's weary pilgrim, does not mean a Buddhist quietism. For the love of God must be a working love a love manifesting itself in beneficence to God's children, a love having for model Him of Whom it was written: "He went about doing good." While the heart rests in God, the hands do not rest, but even find numberless works of beneficence to be performed. And this is one of the reasons why perfect happiness is not of this earth. They had the strong optimism resulting from the Christian belief that right and truth are on the winning side and will

perfectly satisfying good. But in this life, while our ideals are boundless, and our performances are limited, we can never be entirely satisfied with our works; there will always be room for a Divine discontent in regard to evil conditions. But external circumstances need never rob us of substantial peace and happiness. In this sense happiness is subjective, though it always supposes union with the great object of our yearning, God. Our minds are largely independent of external objects. There was a glimmering of this truth even in paganism, for example, in the noble attitude of Epictetus towards a tyrant: "You may imprison my body, but you cannot imprison my mind. You can send me to prison, but you can send me weeping." Horace also finely dreamed of the man, just and tenacious of purpose, who could stand unmoved amid the crash of worlds. But the dream of paganism became the Christian reality. It became fact in the child martyr, Agnes, who played with the manacles of torture, and in the deacon Laurence, who on the gridiron for a death-bed, mocked his persecutors.

If only the love of God is the attainment of happiness, it must follow that the only safe way to God is the only sure path to happiness. Catholicism brought the "glad tidings" to an unhappy world. The Catholic Church is still the accredited preacher of the glad tidings, for she alone is the Church founded by Christ. We know by whom her rivals were founded. We know and what these founders were. Henry VIII. we know and Luther we know. The churches they founded are of yesterday; they are dividing into sects, and hastening to dissolution. The Catholic Church is nineteen centuries in existence; she can be traced back to the Apostles, and to the glad tidings of Christ. Though old she is not decrepit. Assisting at the cradle and the grave of empires of this world, she continues, because she is divine, her ancient apostle with pristine vigor.

Catholicism has inherited from Christ the legacy of peace for men. "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you." That peace implies the mental satisfaction of one who has settled one's account with God. It may be possessed by one who carries the sword. It may be enjoyed by the beggar eating his slender crust. It may visit the convict in his lowly cell. But this deep peace is not possessed, nor given, by the world which knows not God. For it is a gift, to those whose faculties are harmoniously fulfilling their Divine destiny.

If anyone doubts that Catholicism holds the keys of happiness and peace, let him consider its highest product, the saint. Let him reflect on the curious fact that somehow the epithet "unhappy" is never applied to a saint. We may speak of a contemplative saint, an eloquent saint, but never of an unhappy saint. Such would be a contradiction in terms. Amid the severest rigors of mortification, amid the instruments of torture the saint retains his deep seated happiness. Even in this life he begins his beatitude. Or let the doubter concerning Catholicism continue his studies by a first-hand contrast of those who on *a priori* grounds are supposed to have chosen an unhappy life. Let him visit a convent of nuns and he will observe that their faces are cheerful and their lives happy. Let him stand beside the death-bed of practising Catholics, and ask himself whether the Catholic religion has brought them no solace, no happiness. Let him question those who have departed from the tribunal of Catholic penance, where the miracle of restoration of God's favor has been accomplished amid tears of joy. Let him question some poor Catholic charwoman who may tell him, as she told me, that her only happiness in life was found in her visits to a Catholic church.

The great influence of Catholicism on happiness is brought into bold relief by a comparison with paganism, ancient or modern. The student of human history will observe that in paganism there is joy on the surface but sorrow and unhappiness beneath. In Christianity the sorrow is on the surface, but beneath there is an abiding peace. A modern pagan has written: "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean, the world has grown gray with Thy breath." But it is really with the breath of paganism that the world has grown gray. One has only to ask oneself whether the paganism at the coming of Christ was not sorrowful at the core. In an outburst of natural virtue a Juvenile puts forth an undying wail for the universal misery. Modern paganism, however pleasing a front it may show, is not less unhappy. Its smiling appearance only serves to disguise a broken heart; the worm that dieth not is preying on its vitals. Its apostle, Nietzsche, is one of the saddest figures in history. The fall of countries from Catholicism marks a change from a deep happiness to an underlying sorrow. The England that was "merry" was Catholic England. The Continent that created the cardinals was a Catholic Continent, but the Continent which is losing hold of the Christian ideals is deluging the world with blood. Catholics were sufficiently pessimistic to recognize "this vale of tears," but they were optimistic enough to expect a heavenly Jerusalem, "a blissful vision of peace." They had the strong optimism resulting from the Catholic faith!—Intermountain Catholic.

The one place on earth wherein Christ lives.

The one place on earth where all men and women are equal.

The one place on earth admittance to which is denied anyone, sinner or saint.

The one place on earth wherein man, no matter how sinful, can find the way to God.

The one place on earth where the fallen and abandoned are heard with pity and consideration.

The one place on earth wherein the humblest in life can reach the greatest height—namely, communion with God Almighty here below and repose in His bosom hereafter.

No wonder men are transformed by the Catholic faith!—Intermountain Catholic.

In the Hall of Fame every man is his own sculptor.

ultimately prevail, and that the unrighteous and untruthful are pieces of God's machinery gone astray, whose unfortunate fate it is to be crushed. "Either a believer, or unhappy," is a summary of Pascal's apologetic thought.

True just here this momentous question forces itself upon us. "Why does God allow His creatures to suffer so many evils?" If you ask the so-called advanced thinkers of today they will attempt an answer, but the solution is not in their hands. Before the mystery they are reduced to childish explanations. But ask the little Catholic child taught the riddles of the Gospel, to solve the riddle of the wisdom that neither Plato nor Nietzsche knew, he will answer: "Man is a sin-stained culprit whom God is punishing. A crime committed against the Creator at the very origin of our history has defiled us, deprived us of perfect happiness, and subjected us to sorrow, disease and death." Yet man by an impious law of his nature looks for that felicity here below. He can attain it in part by embodying in his life the truth of Catholic teaching.

THE FAULT FINDERS

Catholics who subscribe to Catholic papers are not the Catholics who complain about the inefficiency of the Catholic press. The non-subscriber is the fault-finder, and his fault-finding is often only an excuse for his failure to support an institution whose beneficence is widely recognized. "It seems to us," said our Holy Father, Pope Benedict, "that nothing is more desirable than that the number of those who can use their pen in a way rich in blessings should increase and that good papers should have a large circulation, so that every man may have every day good reading, which instructs and warns, and strengthens and promotes the Christian virtues."

Sacred Heart Review.

ODD PIETY

Of all the words in the English language that can be queerly conceived and made elastic, none equals the word piety. What strange conceptions of this virtue we see. Some devout souls will sit down, and tell you with the greatest complacency, how often they went to the Sacraments in their lives. They never fear to know the number of times, for they never doubt but that all was well with all of them. They will tell you with holy horror of the sins of their neighbors, and would accuse their own goodness by contrast with what they regard as the vicious lives about them. They never regret the sins of others for the violence offered the good God, but seem to rejoice in the fact that their poor neighbors serve as a dark background for their own peculiar brilliancy. Nor does the thought strike them that time was lost, hence sin committed, in acquiring the knowledge of the condemning qualities of their brothers. These nice characters are always wearing their numbers on dress parade. They are ever conceitedly conscious that God could not do without them.

Now the saints, the exponents of sterling piety acted not in this way. They saw nothing of others because their eyes were ever on themselves. They regretted sin as sin, and not as a chance for contrast or comparison with themselves. They dreaded their unworthiness and wanted to forget, much less herald, their obligations to their conscience and the altar. They did not canonize themselves; they did not know they were good, and died in fear of the Searcher of souls. They knew the possibilities of their poor hearts, scarred with memories of the past, and so they were humble and silent.

Of all the plagues that embody folly and knavery, the man who thinks he is pious is the silliest and sorriest specimen. With him religion is a holiday pageant and not a serious warfare that first cuts off self and then at the world and the devil. Our duties to common sense and true virtue are not boasts.

Down on our knees then! Look at God and self, and feel how little is one and how infinite is the Enthroned Majesty of the other. We will learn sense and sanctity in meditation that will give true values and not absurd conceits. We will find that God and His Church do not need us but that we need both—the one to sanctify and the other to forgive.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1917

CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY

The wisdom that comes from nineteen centuries' experience of human nature manifests itself in nothing more striking than in the insistence by the Church that education and religion go hand in hand. Again, in making philosophy the crowning course in the system of Catholic education that wisdom is more and more manifest as outside the Church metaphysics has become such a confusion of thought that the queen of sciences no longer reigns in a chaotic educational world.

Professor Case, in his review of metaphysics past and present, has this to say of Catholic philosophy:

"Aristotelian realism is the strong point of Roman Catholic philosophy. As interpreted by Thomas Aquinas, it is now in danger of becoming a dogma. In 1879 Pope Leo XIII addressed to the bishops the Encyclical, *Aeterni Patris*, which contained the words, 'Sancti Thomae sapientiam restitutus et quam latissime propagatis.' From the Roman Catholic point of view this reaction to Thomism was a timely protest against modern metaphysics. It was founded upon a feeling of uneasiness at a growing tendency among Roman Catholic writers not only to treat theology freely, but to corrupt it by paradoxes. One cannot but feel regret at seeing the reformed churches blown about by every wind of doctrine, and catching at straws now from Kant, now from Hegel, and now from Lotze, or at home from Green, Caird, Martineau, Balfour and Ward in succession, without ever having considered the basis of their faith; while the Roman Catholics are making every effort to ground a Universal Church on a same system of metaphysics. However this may be, the power of the movement is visible enough from the spread of Thomism over the civilized world."

He does not, it is true, admit that Aristotle even as Christianized by St. Thomas is at all the final word in metaphysics; but his historical review of the moderns shows such a hopeless mass of contradictions, so many assumptions set forth dogmatically, that it is a bit amusing to read that "Aristotelian realism as interpreted by Thomas Aquinas is now in danger of becoming dogma." Nor is he often tempted to characterize any of them as "a sane system of metaphysics."

It is perhaps worth recording here that Huxley enjoyed the "Summa" of St. Thomas and in his "Science and Morals," p. 142, left this appreciation of the Angelic Doctor: "His marvellous grasp and subtlety of intellect seem to me to be almost without a parallel."

The same great Agnostic describes in "Lay Sermons" a visit to Maynooth:

"It was my fortune some time ago," he writes, "to pay a visit to one of the most important institutions in which the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church are trained in these Islands, and it seemed to me that the difference between these men and the comfortable champions of Anglicanism and Dissent was comparable to the difference between our gallant volunteers and the trained veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard."

"The Catholic priest is trained to know his business and do it effectively. The professors of the college in question—learned, zealous, and determined men—permitted me to speak frankly with them. We talked like outposts of opposed armies during a truce—as friendly enemies."

And after recording the confidence with which the professors prophesied that a Church which had survived so many storms would survive the existing infidel movement; and describing the systematic training given to divinity students with a view to refuting contemporary attacks on Christianity, he adds:

"I heartily respect an organization which meets its enemies in this way, and I wish that all ecclesiastical organizations were in as effective a condition. I think it would be better not only for them but for us. The army of liberal thought is at present in very loose order; and many a modern free-thinker makes use of his freedom unduly to vent nonsense. We should be the better for a vigorous and watchful enemy to hammer us into cohesion and discipline; and I for one lament that the bench of Bishops cannot show a man of the calibre of Bishop Butler of the 'Analogy,' who, if he were alive, would make short work of the current *a priori* infidelity."

With the passage of the years, and the consequent experience of life, with some knowledge of the kaleidoscopic views which pass under the name of modern philosophy, and serve as bases for the ever-changing standards of morality and ethics, we feel ever more deeply grateful that our college course included two years of Catholic philosophy.

In spite of the fact that the basis of morality is undermined, and that the modern scholar asks with the sneering scepticism of Pilate: What is truth? there is a luciferian pride in modern progress and enlightenment which future generations will take into account when correlating the causes of the Great War with the conditions prevailing in the world of ideas.

In view of the fact that the spirit of the age more or less affects Catholics, we have thought it useful to reproduce the foregoing testimony of unfriendly witnesses to the great value of the course of philosophy in Catholic education.

THE PROSPECTS OF PEACE

Our readers in common with the rest of the world are just now deeply concerned over the prospects and possibilities of ending the War through negotiations leading to terms that will satisfy the belligerents, and especially that will satisfy the aims of the Entente Allies. The dominant note of our press is bellicose, so much so that any deliberate consideration of peace terms is contemptuously brushed aside as base surrender of principles to an enemy who is on the eve of certain and overwhelming defeat. The economic condition of Germany and her Allies is represented as being so extremely precarious that collapse may come at any moment.

The trouble is that we have no assurance that this prophecy is more certain of fulfilment now than when confidently made a year, even two years ago. And if it be true, then satisfactory terms and conditions are all the more likely of attainment. Our guess is no better than another's. So we shall transcribe some opinions which have been given by men whose loyalty to the cause of liberty is not less sincere than that of the most unflinching supporter of the policy of war to the end.

A. G. Gardiner, editor of the Daily News, and one of the leading journalists of England, in an article on the situation, says:

"If the capacity of Germany to sustain herself for over two years is a matter for astonishment, no less astonishing has been the capacity of this country to keep the fabric of the Allies in being by her money power."

It is important to remember that in this cardinal matter the case of the Allies is vitally different from that of the enemy. Finance can bring the Allies down. Finance cannot bring Germany down. She is bankrupt, it is true, but so long as she is economically self-sufficient she can continue the war. But bankruptcy would be ruin to the Allies. They are not self-sufficient. Harvests of the world are necessary to feed them. Wool and hides of foreign lands are necessary to clothe and shoe them. Without the supplies of America and Japan, as well as of this country, Russian hosts would be helpless before the artillery of Germany.

Hence he concludes that peace on the status quo ante bellum is impossible as Germany has conquered that of the enemy. Finance can bring the Allies down. Finance cannot bring Germany down. She is bankrupt, it is true, but so long as she is economically self-sufficient she can continue the war. But bankruptcy would be ruin to the Allies. They are not self-sufficient. Harvests of the world are necessary to feed them. Wool and hides of foreign lands are necessary to clothe and shoe them. Without the supplies of America and Japan, as well as of this country, Russian hosts would be helpless before the artillery of Germany.

"In a word, we are all plunging down a steep place together, but Germany is ahead and has a nearer vision of the abyss; hence, her urgent efforts for peace. She alone knows if she must have peace before the next harvest and before the next offensive has revealed her impoverishment in men. Her reply to the Allies will give us a clue to this vital question, and, if the answer shows that a just peace can be reached without another year of carnage on a scale more terrible than anything that has gone before, it would be a crime on the part of the Allies to delay such a peace for the sake of problematical military decisions on German soil. And it would not only be a crime, it would be a blunder, for there is no assurance that our position for dictating terms next New Year's Day will be inferior to our position today."

The new year will bring peace to the world if there is wisdom and statesmanship equal to the emergency, and if with stern justice there

is avoidance of a policy of mere revenge, an agreement that the war shall end and shall not be a prelude to a war of commercial exclusion, and if there is a determination to set the world on a new basis of relationships, the purpose of which shall be the maintenance of common peace by a common moral and material policy.

The war correspondent, Ashmead Bartlett, regards the submarine situation as paramount:

"There is only one real issue of vital importance to ourselves and to our Allies—can we starve out the enemy before the enemy destroys so many of our merchant vessels that we get below the percentage on which it is possible to run the domestic needs of the British Empire and the burden of the war as well? It is all very well for a Minister to get up in the House and announce that we have only lost 2% of vessels over 1,000 tons in burden. That is not the issue. The real point is this: If we lose 5% we are in great difficulties, and if we lose 10% we cannot run the Empire and the war as well."

Dr. E. J. Dillon states that even Russia has reached the stage where she must submit her man-power.

The two despatches which follow seem to show that the enemy nations are rapidly approaching a basis on which peace terms may be discussed.

Amsterdam, Jan. 5.—Great significance was attached to passage by Austro-German censors to-day of a quotation from the Vienna newspaper *Arbiter Zeitung*, asking the Government to "discover if the entente would be ready to negotiate peace after an evacuation by Teutonic troops in the west; and, if so, that the evacuation be made immediately."

London, Jan. 5.—The Nation, in discussing after the war problems, the Balkan settlement and the fate of Turkey, advocates the internationalization of Constantinople and the Straits, and contends that it would be of no service to Russia to prolong the war, sacrifice thousands of lives and incur a mountain of debt merely to bring about absolute annexation.

In addition to the fact that the Entente Allies have not summarily rejected the Teutonic proposal to consider peace terms, the Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson has just restored the aim of the Allies. The fact that Mr. Henderson is a member of the small British War Cabinet gives to his statement at this time exceptional weight and significance. He carefully distinguishes between militarism and Prussian militarism. With militarism governed by the right spirit he has no quarrel.

To give the matter a start, I have decided with the approval of the authorities to offer a prize of \$100 for the best history of Antigonish, my native county. I at first thought it would be well to arrange to have the prize awarded at your closing in 1917. But on further consideration I have changed my opinion on that point. History written in a hurry is seldom either complete in outline or accurate in detail. I think it would be better to have two years devoted to the work. The conditions of the competitions will be settled later and announced. I hope, in the calendar for this year. It is my purpose, if I live long enough, to continue the competition in order that the history of each of the communities may be written."

This is an excellent idea. The early local history of Canada is becoming more and more difficult to write with the passing of the pioneers whose living memory was the only record of many events and conditions of permanent interest. Realizing this the clerical conferences of the Diocese of London have decided that each year a paper will be read on the history of a particular parish. Such documents if intelligently and painstakingly written will become in time valuable sources of history. Mr. Justice Chisholm's admonition should be heeded: "History written in a hurry is seldom either complete in outline or accurate in detail." Sometimes it is mere sloppy sentimental lacking either outline or detail.

A proposal of this kind would have powerful if not overwhelming support amongst the German people themselves. While it is extremely probable that Austria-Hungary would heartily welcome the prospect of being liberated from the grip of militaristic Germany.

All things considered we are of the opinion that the beginning of the end is in sight.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA

At the closing exercises of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S., on the 29th ultimo, Hon. Mr. Justice Chisholm, of Halifax, in his address to the graduates announced that he would offer a prize for the best history of Antigonish County, to be followed by prizes for histories of other counties in eastern Nova Scotia at later dates.

Mr. Justice Chisholm said:

"I have always taken some interest in historical enquiry. For some years past I have been hoping that some alumnus of St. Francis Xavier's College, or somebody else, would write the history of these eastern counties from which this university draws most of its students. The memorials of the early settlers should not be lost. Many of these were the poor, the world's goods, few in numbers, but high in courage and in purpose, who helped Bishop MacKinnon to found this university. They built churches and schools before they thought of building comfortable habitations for themselves. Goldwin Smith has said that the Canadian pioneers were the country's greatest heroes. We shall never know all the hardships they endured in establishing the communities of which we are so proud today. The story should be written before all those who can speak with knowledge have passed away. The history will not be a sensational one; it will not be a story of bloodshed or cruelty of any kind inflicted upon their fellows of the race of man. Their lives were quiet and useful for they followed the simple path of duty."

Now, there may be those who will say that, in these days of big events, such an incident is not worthy of editorial comment. We do not agree with them. It is little things like this that point the way to the solution of the great problem which today confronts the world—the restoration of peace. If the prayers of one pious woman have saved the life of a soldier at the front, may we not hope that the united prayers of God's children, especially of his little ones, will save the life of nations? We are apt to grow lukewarm in uniting in the prayer for peace. There seem to be so many obstacles, humanly speaking, in the way, that we lose confidence in the efficacy of our poor efforts of intercession. After all, God alone can bring about the desired consummation. Nations, as human instruments, are powerless; for the neutrals are too weak to say "Hold, enough!" and the belligerents, mad with the taste of blood, refuse to see things in their right perspective. With God, however, it is as easy to stay the wild torrent that threatens to engulf the world, as it is for Him to change the course of a single bullet; and He will do so when the world recognizes its dependence upon Him and raises its hands to Him in humble, confiding, persevering prayer.

Another thing that this incident suggests is the increase of reverence for and confidence in outward symbols of devotion among all classes. The Catholic young man who at home gave little thought to these accessories to piety and who, perhaps, neglected to wear his scapular, prizes as he stands in the trenches no souvenir so much as the crucifix, the medal or the beads that his mother, sister, wife, or sweetheart gave him on his departure for the front. His faith had taught him the value of these things upon which the Church bestows its special blessing; but it was not till the ordeal confronted him in hourly facing death that he realized how dear they were to him. Daily familiarity, too, with the wayside shrine or crucifix, the sight of the miraculously preserved statues of the Blessed Virgin or other Saints in the ruined churches, and the devotion manifested by their Catholic comrades to the symbol of their Redemption, or the emblem of their love for their Heavenly Mother has awakened a longing desire in the heart of many a poor creedless Tommy to possess these things, that they might make his life a little more endurable, and bring into his soul some ray of hope and heavenly brightness amid the mud and the fog and the desolation of the world's shambles. Perhaps it was this thought that was in the mind of Ralph Connor when he announced that he was going to put a cross on his church when he returned to his home.

THE GLEANER.

When we have read stories, in some religious paper or magazine, in which the plot hinged upon a medal, a rosary, or a scapular which was instrumental either in saving an individual's life or in bringing about his conversion. While the power of prayer and the efficacy of blessed articles of devotion are thus emphasized, there are many readers upon whom little impression is made, because they realize that the majority of these stories are merely creations of the writer's brain. Here, however, is an incident that we can vouch for, and which no doubt is one of many that has happened along the fire-fighting battle line.

Some years ago, there came out to this country from Glasgow a young Irishman with a Scotch burr and very little siller in his pocket. For several months he was engaged as sexton of a Catholic church; but the wanderlust soon seized upon him and he made his way to the city. Before leaving, the housekeeper, who was a very charitable and devout person, presented him with a rosary and a large medal of the Sacred Heart. She had taken a special interest in the young man, because, being an orphan, he had never known a mother's care or a father's protection.

ing hand. Years passed, and he was almost forgotten by everyone in the parish, save by the pious lady who had befriended him and who had never ceased to pray for him, knowing full well the dangers to which his morals and his not-too-enlightened faith would be exposed in his new surroundings.

Some months ago, the priest's mail contained a censored letter with a foreign postmark on it. What was his surprise upon opening it to find that it was from his sometime sexton who was in the trenches "Somewhere in France!" Among other items of interest he mentioned the fact that he had heard Mass when ever possible and that he had attended to his religious duties. The priest replied to the letter, giving him some news of the parish and acquainting him of the joy that his message had brought to the good housekeeper who promised to redouble her prayers on his behalf.

On the eve of Christmas another letter came, this time from an hospital in the south of England. It contained the information that he had passed uninjured through two fierce battles, but that in the third one, on the Somme front, in a charge on a German trench, he was struck an inch below the heart by a sharp bullet, which smashed to pieces his rosary and medal of the Sacred Heart that were in his vest pocket, and which so deflected the course of the missile that it did not cause a mortal wound. "Some one must be praying for me," he added, "for that rosary and medal saved my life."

Now, there may be those who will

NOTES AND COMMENTS

We concluded our comments last week with an allusion to the lack of railway facilities about Verdun which practically isolated it as a part of the great French system of defence, and which seemed for the moment, to the uninitiated at least, to render its capture by the Germans extremely probable. Its weakness in this respect was, as we have seen, fully realized by "Papa" Joffre himself, and, if we are to believe the newspapers, he was quite prepared to make the sacrifice if the Germans on their part were willing to pay the price. A high price they did indeed pay, for such advance as they were able to make, but, as the event proved, they as little reckoned as did the wise across on what the French Commander-in-Chief had stowed away for their reception.

To epitomize the circumstances leading up to the assault on Verdun. It will be remembered that when the Germans captured St. Mihiel in the second month of the war, their first act was to cut the main railroad supplying Verdun—the Paris-Nancy line. This was essential to the plan on which the capture of Paris and the subjugation of France was to be accomplished, and when that bubble burst at the Marne,

along the Isonza force Italy to abandon her attempt to conquer Istria and Dalmatia.

The Allies as well as the Teutons are taking council together. Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Milner have arrived at Rome with their military advisers to participate in an exchange of views on the general situation with the French and Italian Governments. Weather conditions have caused a more complete cessation of operations on a large scale along the Italian front than in the west. With the exception of an advance of 200 yards on the Carso yesterday the Italians have been practically inactive for the past two months.

The remaining Russian troops in the Dobrudja, after a bitterly-contested battle at a point about ten miles northeast of Braila, in the course of which they inflicted heavy losses on the enemy, were forced to withdraw toward the Danube. Their retreat will enable the enemy to bring his heavy guns to bear on Galatz from the east bank of the river, and will almost inevitably involve either the evacuation of the city or its partial destruction by bombardment. Galatz is north of the mouth of the Sereth, and the Russians may decide to hold the city, even as a ruin, to protect the Sereth lines.—Globe, Jan. 6.

FOKSHANY ALMOST POCKETED

London, Jan. 5.—Slobozia is only four miles from the Sereth southeast of Fokshany. The latter town, for several days the goal of the German efforts in this section, is almost pocketed, the forces of Falkenhausen having advanced far to the north on both sides of it.

The fall of Braila the complete clearing of Russian troops from the Dobrudja, announced by Berlin tonight, places the important town of Galatz, twelve miles north of Braila, in a perilous position that makes its capture inevitable.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

PEACE OFFERING TRANSFORMS BRITISH FEELING

THE EVER-INTERESTING LLOYD GEORGE

Special Cable to THE CATHOLIC RECORD
(Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, Jan. 6.—What does England really think concerning the German peace proposals? The answer in brief is; nothing at all. Little is heard publicly or privately about peace. The sole absorbing preoccupation of everybody is the big Allies' offensive that will be launched in the Spring, especially on the western front. It is only on the ruins of defeated German militarism on the battlefield that the Entente Allies will place any confidence.

Two feelings run side by side. First, the hatred and distrust of Germany and a disbelief in her professions of humanity which have been deepened daily by news from Belgium and Armenia, and a distrust of her abandonment of the gospel of military ascendancy which has been deepened again by the boastfulness of the Kaiser and the Chancellor and by the ravings of the Pan-German press. These feelings have reached such a boiling point that no sacrifice will be considered too great to finish once and for all the time, the devilish Prussian military machine.

The second feeling is one of increasing confidence that such a military defeat is now within the power of the Entente Allies. I never saw a more complete transformation of feeling between the deep dejection caused by Roumania's defeat and the almost exultant self confidence that has arisen as a result of Germany's whines.

Practically all of this self confidence comes from the stories of battles on the western front and from the knowledge that our big guns are better and more numerous than those of the enemy and from the palpable and pronounced decrease in German morale. These things all lead to the satisfying belief that we will be enabled to follow up the Somme victories by more powerful and more conclusive attacks.

Lloyd George has not been living much of late at 11 Downing Street, though that was his official residence. It is a big and expensive house to keep up, and even Ministers in these days feel the pressure of gigantic taxation. He has had a little flat in Victoria Street close by. Now goes, of course, to 10 Downing Street—which has been occupied by the majority of Premiers, there have been few exceptions, since it was given as a present to the Government in the eighteenth century. The two houses are pretty much the same; they are of the good old Georgian architecture very solid and very simple, utterly devoid of the new architectural developments which have been introduced in the last half century. For instance, just opposite to these two houses and a third—No. 12 which is occupied by the Whips—there are the great buildings which belong to the Foreign and the India Offices. These abiding places of high departments are Byzantine in size and in adornment, with turrets and busts on the face and all the grandiose suggestion of the great Empire. This juxtaposition brings into greater relief the simple, comfortable, rosy, old-fashioned character of the official residences of the two highest Ministers of the country. Many people prefer the old system to the new; they think it beseems better

the reserve, the conscious and yet not self-sufficient spirit of a great democratic Empire. Behind both the houses there is a spacious garden, with very little grass, it is true, but with some trees. Here now and then the Premier gives a garden party—of course in the summer time. The gardens are a welcome oasis in the heart of London. The rooms in both houses are roomy, almost vast; the windows are large, and the furniture has been made modern by successive Premiers—notably by Disraeli, who shared the love of his race for comfort and splendor.

But it is not at Downing Street that the intimates of Lloyd George see most of him. He does see a lot of people there, it is true; but the interviews are of a rather hurried character, for they usually take place at breakfasts at 9:15. Though I am an intimate friend of Lloyd George and am always enlightened enormously by a talk with him, I have struck at the breakfast, unless when I have an American friend who is anxious to see the great man and can get no opportunity of doing so except at the breakfast hour. It was at breakfast that Lloyd George first met Mr. MacAdoo, the present Secretary of the Treasury of the United States; and there also he made the acquaintance of Colonel John W. Stewart, the famous Canadian contractor. That breakfast was the introduction of Colonel Stewart to the valuable work he is now doing on the front in railway construction. I nearly always refuse the breakfast except in such exceptional circumstances; I retain the old journalist's habits of late nights and late mornings.

It is at Walton Heath, however, that you can get a real glimpse of the man. He occupies there a modest house of but two stories. Walton Heath was chosen partly because it has excellent and bracing air—it stands seven hundred feet above sea level, partly because it has one of the best golf links in England. The house is very comfortable in spring, summer and early autumn, but it is like all houses in Walton Heath—very cold in winter; and I am sure the average American or Canadian would shiver in the absence of the radiator. Lloyd George, however, seems to be quite impervious to cold, and is often quite unconscious that the room in which he is talking or dining is like an ice-chest. Regard for comfort of surroundings in any form is not one of his passions.

He tries as a rule to get down to Walton on Friday evenings; this gives him three days in the country air, and these days make him a new man. He has both the physique and the temperament of the typical Celt; he goes down quickly under over-work, and he has moments of despondence when he gets done up; but he rises with extraordinary rapidity, and the depressed and tired man of Monday is very often the alert youth of Tuesday. In these times his visits have often had to be put off till Saturday—sometimes even till Saturday evening. As a rule he does not see many people on Saturday. If the weather be fine he goes out golfing—his companions being often Sir George Riddell, a great newspaper owner, and Robert Donald, the editor of the Daily Chronicle; at one time Charles Masterman was another invariable companion, but Charles Masterman was then a Cabinet Minister and could afford a house in Walton. The house had to be given up, and Walton Heath knows Masterman no more. Lloyd George does not golf on Sundays; he has too much respect for the traditional love of a quiet Sunday among the Non-conformists of Wales, to whose general view of life he has remained quite faithful.

On Sundays he receives his friends either at lunch or supper—sometimes at tea. He generally takes a little rest between lunch and tea time; often if you are a privileged visitor to the house you have to talk to Mrs. Lloyd George or one of the two daughters, while the master of the household is still finishing his nap. Lloyd George, like so many other great men of action, has the gift of sleeping anywhere or at any time. I have seen him fall asleep almost while he was talking in a railway train; he is a very poor companion when motoring, for he falls asleep within five minutes of the start of the machine. When he is at home all he has to do is to sit on one chair, and stretch his legs on another; and in a few minutes he is started on a sleep of a couple of hours. As a rule, he does not suffer from sleeplessness at night; though he has had his hours—under the stress of a great sorrow or a great anxiety—when he had to read through the black, bleak hours of the night. Now and then he wakes too early and resorts to his state papers, and thus begins a day sometimes at 5 o'clock in the morning.

At Walton Heath you see the absolutely unchanged simplicity of his character and his tastes. He keeps a very modest table; he rarely touches any form of alcohol; and for his friends he usually has either a glass of whiskey or a light cheap wine. His table is just that of a well-paid artisan, with a joint, a homely pudding and a bit of cheese. It is scarcely necessary to say that you find no trace in him at Walton or any place else of "side." He is simple, unpretentious, hearty, frank, almost to indiscretion. I had a small cottage during the Irish negotiations at an earlier part of the year. Once I rang him up to say that there were with me some of the Irish leaders, and asked him whether we should go up to his house. It

was late in the evening, and his house was about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes away from mine. Not at all, he said, he would come down to us. And at 9 o'clock, with a cigar in his mouth and one of his sons by his side, he walked in. I know statesmen who are so full of themselves that they would regard it as a derogation of their high position to visit instead of being visited. Lloyd George may have some strange experiences in his now omnipotent position; one change he will never undergo; he will never get the swelled head.

CARDINAL MERCIER'S PASTORAL

FULL TEXT—"THE ORDEAL IS OF LONG DURATION"

INTRODUCTION

Yes, the ordeal is long. I hear you from day to day repeat these words, and there is no one, I think, who does not share your feelings.

And when will it end? One day when your Divine Saviour discourses to His Apostles on the terrible things that would immediately precede the end of the world—wars, pestilences, earthquakes, atmospheric disturbances, His hearers asked Him, When will these disturbances come?

And our Divine Saviour replied: "No one, not even the Son of Man." In other words, the Son of God in His mission on earth has not the duty of revealing it to humanity. This means to you, in effect, that you are not to know if the world will last 1,000 years more, 10,000,000 years more; not whether you will die in your youth, or at middle age or in extreme old age. Only one thing is necessary, that you know your own soul and that in the all-powerful hands of the Master of Events you shall be the docile instruments for the sanctification of His Holy Name, for the establishment of His reign, for the accomplishment of His will.

FIRST PART

In order to thoroughly understand the events in their deepest sense, the soul must keep before it the thoughts of eternity.

God speaks to us both without and within. He speaks to us without by the marvels of nature and by the lessons of events. He speaks to us within by the delicate but mysterious power of the Holy Ghost.

The voice of nature is generally harmonious, tranquil, like the solemn movement of the sun in space, the murmur of waters, the growth of grain, the slow evolution of the seasons. But nature's voice is sometimes violent and terrible, like that of powder or thunder, the raging of the tempest, the eruptions which shake the earth and hurl lava from the volcanos.

The world also has its periods, its periods of concentrated work, its economic successes, intellectual, artistic, civilized, but at certain times the passions are unleashed, hatred stifles the voice of love, and death seems to triumph over life.

It is always, however, God who speaks. Each historic period is a page from the divine book of Providence. We write it, but the strong will of the All Powerful will the writing instrument. It is for us to write it in letters of gold or characters of blood, but the book must be written. In eternity we will again take it up, and there will be found how and in what measure each has contributed.

While history yet runs its course the book is closed, sealed; the Divine Lamb who shed His Blood for our redemption alone has the power to break the seven seals which guard the secrets. The Old Men of the Apocalypse, bowed down before the Lamb, offer up prayers to the saints in the majesty of His glory seated on the clouds, the cross of the last judgment in His hand, and with His voice more powerful than the thunder, will say to each one of His creatures one of these two words: "Come, thou blessed of My Father, take your place in the celestial kingdom which I have prepared for thee," or, on the other hand "Go, thou accursed, to the eternal fire created for the devil and for those who have made themselves his slaves."

That will be the last sounding word which will fall from the lips of God the Father, a word which will divide us for eternity to the right or to the left, among the chosen in glory or among the damned in the abyss. But, my very beloved brethren, do you think of this? Do you think sufficiently of this?

In the presence of this supreme alternative, what remains? That you die young or old, in bed or on the field of battle, far from or near to your relatives, what does that matter? That your days pass tranquilly in your own loved home, where happiness abounds, where friendship and esteem surround you, or that you have lived in tribulation,

in solitude, in misery, perhaps, or under the weight of defiance, humiliation, oppression; at the very end, what does that matter to you? How will you look back upon these minor details of life when you shall review them in eternity?

Whatever happens to you, there is in you something which no person or no thing can touch—that is your soul. And this soul which is yours, of which you are the master, is made to commune with God, and it will commune with God, if you desire it; it will embrace Him and will be embraced by Him, not in the ephemeral course of the life of a man, or of a historical period, but eternally, forever.

URGES THOUGHTS ON ETERNITY

My brethren, raise up your eyes, then, I pray you, and keep them fixed on this Polar star of your eternity. And then you will see all created things disappear in the shadow of nothingness which the Scripture, that other direct and personal voice of God, calls a smoke that floats and disappears, a cloud that is dissolved, a shadow that flees, a flower that falls to pieces, a wave that flows back into the ocean.

Eternity.

My brethren, we all lack the courage to face it, even for a moment. Embrace it as much as you can, hold it fixed in your imagination for the space of an hour, a half hour, a quarter of an hour, direct your thoughts to it. During this quarter of an hour, see only it and God, your Creator, your Saviour, your Judge in it; have the will power to forget, during this brief time, all else but it, and you will arise, enlightened, imbued with its spirit and determined.

Told you, my brethren, in opening this discourse, that God spoke to us both without and within, without by the voice of nature or by history, within by the breath of the Holy Ghost.

Do you wish to know why eternity, which means so much, affects you so little while present events weigh so heavily upon you? It is because you have leisure for everything and you do not wish to adapt yourself to the only thing which is worth the trouble. You do not know how to turn your thoughts from earthly things to pious meditation. Your soul is made by baptism and confirmation the dwelling place of the Holy Ghost. Let it drink of the oil of saving grace, said St. John, and it shall learn to distinguish truth from untruth. But, observed Pope Gregory, grace resembles the breeze at daybreak; it caresses and passes, and nothing you can do will bring it back.

You are at the mercy of events when you should command them. You obey your emotions, though you have the right and power to be their masters. Silence them; go down on your knees in your chamber, with doors closed, or in the sanctuary where our Divine Saviour lives for us, opposite the altar of sacred sacrifice, facing the tabernacle and the crucifix, and there, in silence, detaching yourself from that which goes on without and that which agitates you within, request Our Lord to send you His Holy Ghost, the Holy Ghost which is the right hand of God, "dexteritas paternae dexteræ." He will show you the way in which your conscience may find truth, light and peace in all your hours of sorrow and anguish.

SECOND PART

Our Lord, Jesus Christ, gives us by the mystery of His death and resurrection, perpetuated in the key of the sacred sacrifice of the Mass, the key to events. Out of death comes life. Wars should not trouble the peace of humanity. In the primitive plan of Providence passions were subjected to reason and would never have been permitted to intrude in the peace of families or of nations; but sin has overthrown this generous plan. In its train disorder entered into history and revolt henceforth becomes a part of human events. Pride and cupidity, break the world's balance; repression and armed defense are necessary for the living and redemption for the souls of our dear fallen.

THIRD PART

In the secret moment of the Mass, when the priest and the faithful are about to partake of the Body of Christ, what is the prayer that the Church puts on their lips? Once again she recalls to us the beginning and the end of life.

"Here," says the Church, "the Heavenly Father, with the cooperation of the Holy Ghost, executes His plan to make the source of life which is to vivify the world flow from the death of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God."

And those holy Popes, Pius IX.

and Pius X. do they not request us to say every day after Mass this touching prayer: "pray Thee, my beloved Jesus Christ, that Thy death shall be a source of eternal life to me and that Thy Cross shall be forever my glory."

PRAYERS FOR BELGIANS

Finally, as we are not yet at the end of our Calvary, may our celebration of Mass be a continuous prayer for our dear fatherland, for those present and those absent, for our valiant prisoners and those who are interned, our dear refugees. The longer the war lasts the more ardent becomes my compassion for all those energetic men who spent their efforts in our behalf, and who now are tortured with inaction.

Our refugees, "Although England, France, Holland, and Switzerland indeed neglect nothing to lighten their cares, yet exile is nevertheless exile. From time to time one hears bitter words concerning them. But I do not say that among them there were not some without faults, faults regretted now by their authors, perhaps sorrowfully, but how many of those that you criticize so lightly become unwilling victims of feeling, of submission, of filial or paternal affection, of devotion to a sick person, or solicitude for a son at the front, of material want. According to the testimony of those who have seen them, our absent ones rival their compatriots of the occupied parts of Belgium in their patience, abnegation and apostolic spirit. We will receive them with open arms when they return and let them not doubt for a moment that they will find here friends and brothers who have ever remained faithful to them."

Oh, my brethren, honor the poor! And you, my dear conferees of the priesthood, accord them the first place in your esteem and in your solicitude. I would like to see them in the first row of the temple of Jesus of Bethlehem and Nazareth.

Before Him and before the Church they are greater than you or us, and of higher value. If they accept their condition with good grace and faith, they do more for the salvation of humanity than those whose fortune and success make you envious.

As for you, mesdames, if you should make a showing of your abundance when your sisters have nothing but sabots and rags you would offend both God, the fatherland, and the dignity of the poor.

Come then, all, all men and all women, and worship at the church.

Come in modest dress, do not blush

to come as you are, even though poor.

Come principally with the intention of the worship, of worshipping God. God is God, that He is the Master to whom you owe obedience, that all He does is well done. Gather with the priest at the altar, not only to recite prayers more or less similar to his, but to assist him in the celebration of the Mass. You also, priests, you have heard the Apostle St. John say to you in the Apocalypse that the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ was shed for all, kings and priests; for the priests of God and the priests of Christ, he says elsewhere. St. Peter expressed himself in the same fashion: "Christ is the living stone on which is built the Church." As for you, you are the living stones erected upon Him, with the effect of forming a spiritual family, a consecrated race, with the mission to offer by Jesus Christ the spiritual host which pleases God.

To the priest who is officially charged with the public ministry in the Church, the Bishop gives this advice: "Understand what you do. Inspired in your acts by the mystery that you touch with your hands, and then at the altar you should feel the mystery of the death of Our Lord. Be sure that in yourselves there remain no vicious instincts or evil desires."

Such are you priests, that is to say those who make the sacrifice, you should be also the victims. "My brethren," writes St. Paul to the Romans, "I beg of you to offer your corporal body by divine mercy as a living host, pure, agreeable to God; that this may be the spiritual form of your worship."

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By REV. N. M. REDMOND
SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE
EPIPHANY

WHAT CHRIST REQUESTS US TO DO
"His Mother saith to the waiters : Whatsoever
He shall say to you, do ye." (John xi. 5)

Long ago we have been made aware of what Our Lord wants us to do. The one short phrase, "Seek first the kingdom of God," expresses our entire duty. If we do it, we will enjoy the superabundance of His favors at the eternal nuptials above. But we cannot deny the fact that there are many too lazy, and many too busy, to do what He requests in this short phrase. Large, indeed, is the number of those who express an abhorrence of all vice, and yet either from sloth or over-solicitude in the affairs of this life, are very far from obeying this precept of Our Divine Lord. He is the great Master whose right to command no Christian questions; we are His servants whose duty to obey no Christian denies. The command of the Master has gone forth. Can those servants with any show of reason, who spend the greater part of their time in regular rounds of amusements and pleasures, though not vicious, yet irrelevant to the import of the precept, claim they are good and faithful servants? Can a servant be said to do his duty, when he spends almost his whole time in attending to matters which in no way pertain to his duty? The answer to these questions is in the mind of every one of you. It would be to mock God to tell Him that we offer Him lives that are idle and unprofitable. It would be to tempt God, to tell Him that it is for His sake we spend the greatest part of our time in passing from one source of amusement to another. Oh, the impurity of the man that would say to God: "It is for love of you that I study to gratify my inclinations and humor!" What Christian would have the audacity, to say to God that he had led a life of ease, idleness, and pleasure in compliance with His divine will? How many Christians there are who lead such lives! They delusively expect to be at the eternal nuptials above, and enjoy all the favors of our Lord, though they are too lazy to comply with His request. They are deplorably deceiving themselves. May God grant that they realize this before it will be too late.

It is unnecessary to remark, that no legitimate business is inconsistent with the duty pointed out in the short precept of Our Lord. Of their own nature temporal employments are not opposed to the duty prescribed in the precept. But whilst in themselves they are no hindrance, they are often rendered such. Christians there are who allow the concerns of this life to so engross them, that God and matters of their soul's salvation are almost entirely shut out from their thoughts. They thus flagrantly mismanage the affairs of their lives. Altogether taken up with material matters, they leave their souls starving for the nourishment that should come to them from prayer, and the sacraments. Their bodies are fed when hungry, are cared for when sick, but their souls may starve, and be without remedy in sickness. Their business, let it be ever so important, prevents them not from nourishing their bodies, and from procuring them a remedy when sick. So would they act with regard to their souls if they were but faithful servants to their God. If they were honest servants, neither their spiritual nor temporal duty would be neglected. As servants of God, they are held to both. They do not their duty if they neglect either. The temporal part of their duty is sanctified and made a means to their salvation, when they attend to it, without neglect of their spiritual, as a part of the duty which, as servants, they owe to God. Oh, what folly, men, Christian men, are guilty of who mismanage the affairs of their lives either by being too slothful, or too busy to attend to the whole duty marked out for them by their divine Master! For what have we life? Is it not to love God in first seeking the kingdom of heaven? All which may not naturally tend to this, should be made so, by our intention. This is the "one thing necessary," to which all others must be subordinate. If in eternity we will be consigned to misery and want, what will it avail us to have abounded in wealth in this short life? When in eternal torments, of what avail will it be to us to have enjoyed all the pleasures of this world? "What will it avail us, if we gain the whole world, and lose our own souls?"

It is clear, dear people, that if we wish to have place at the eternal nuptials above, and enjoy the heavenly wine of divine love eternally, we must hearken to our Lord's voice when He tells us, "to seek first the kingdom of God." The condition is light when compared with the prize to which it leads us. If we but lay hold of the many graces which He in His mercy holds out to us; if we but profit by the many blessings which in His loving-kindness He bestows upon us; if we but listen to His inspiration, and respond to His invitations; what He requests in His short precept, will be a pleasure rather than a difficulty. We have but to taste to be convinced. The slothful and the too busy ones of us, know not "how sweet the Lord is." Let them rise from their sloth, let them detach their hearts from things earthly, and fix them on Our

Lord, and then will they experience the effects of the heavenly wine which He reserves for His true followers even in this life — the rich flavor of this, of the present life, will make them thirst for that of the future in the mansions of bliss.

TEMPERANCE

SERVING MARY BY TEMPERANCE

Love is the only coin of Christ's Kingdom and all else is counterfeit. By it alone is all the law fulfilled and by it alone are the favors of His Kingdom obtained. Many a Christian wonders that his prayers are not more profitable, who has not yet learned to pray aright. Building shrines and making votive offerings may help to make Mary loved of men but not always. Such things may be senseless monuments to vanity, rather than magnets for human hearts. The wayward son who mistakes a natural tenderness for his mother for a genuine love for her may give her houses and automobiles, and everything that he is willing to give away. But that mother wants his heart and the love that only a clean heart can give. She may accept the tokens of his tender thought of her, but she hungers for that gift which alone can fill up her heart's desire. So it were better that, instead of shrines to Mary and costly gifts, we give her our love and win for her the love of others.

He who protects the Blessed Mother from a single blasphemy uttered against the Divine Son; or wards off some threatening sin; or renders any service that love dictates, will do more than he can hope to do who enriches her shrines with costly gifts. Better far to get a drunkard to become sober, or to save a boy from a drunkard's fate, than to offer many novenas made for selfish ends. Not that shrines are of small value, or novenas of little effect, for by them are largely fulfilled that great prophecy of Mary, "Behold from henceforth all nations shall call me blessed." But they must be inspired by love and must not fail in an intelligent appreciation of that ultimate purpose of all religious symbols—the salvation of souls.

Every pledge of total abstinence will gladden our mother by the greater assurance of safety for one of her children. The establishment of a temperance society will bless those who ward off from her the cruel sting with which drunkenness in her children wounds her. Build up the Kingdom of her Divine Son and her maternal blessing will be upon the builders. Temperance is one of the four cornerstones of that Kingdom. Make men sober and you will make glad the heart of Mary. Let us then sing the praises of Mary with love and joy! Let us breathe in devotion to her every breath of spring! Her month is the month of the earth's awakening! Let us be glad in these days! Let us gladden our Blessed Mother by gifts of love and thoughtful service.—Catholic Temperance Advocate.

TRUE NOW

Cardinal Manning, the great English total abstinence advocate of his time, said of the drink evil: "For thirty-five years I have been a priest and Bishop in London, and now I approach my eightieth year, and have learned some lessons, and the first is this: The chief bar to the working of the Holy Spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating drink. I know of no antagonist to the Spirit more direct, more subtle, more stealthy, more ubiquitous, than intoxicating drink. Though I have known men and women destroyed for all manner of reasons, yet I know of no cause that affects man, woman, child and home with such universality of steady power as intoxicating drink." And were this good Cardinal alive to-day he would be forced to admit that the same conditions, the same grace-destroying enemy is in our midst. As in his day, so today, the laborers in the field of total abstinence are few, very few, and the harvest of rotting grain is so plentiful. We can only pray the Lord of the field to send into the minds and the hearts of those who should be rightly disposed, the generous impulse to labor.—Catholic Temperance Advocate.

MAKING REPARATION
FOR BLASPHEMY

The Holy Father recently received in audience, the Society of Our Lady of the Valley, which has for its aim the suppression of profanity, blasphemy and uncleanness talk. In his address the Pope referred to "terrible blasphemies that had been launched against the adorable Person of our Divine Redeemer by one who poses falsely as representative of the people of Italy." His Holiness urged on the members even greater zeal in promoting the good works to which they had pledged themselves.

"Insults inflicted on a friend naturally strike upon our own heart," said the Holy Father, "and how much more true is this when the friend is also a benefactor. Were we to remain dumb and insensible in face of the insults inflicted on a friend and benefactor, it could only be said of us that our friendship is not genuine, and that our hearts are void of that sense of gratitude which is not unknown even to the brutes. Beside was not a friend shamed wounded, was not our supreme Benefactor offended by those blasphemies

launched last month against our Divine Redeemer?

"All Christians must have felt outraged by them, because a person who loves, takes as done to himself the injury done to a friend, and he who is not ungrateful is afflicted when insult instead of homage is heaped on his benefactor.

"But you, of all others, who are enrolled in a league against blasphemy, cursing and uncleanness talk, must have been specially shocked. Your Sodality is of a nature to make you fulfil your duty of reparation to your outraged Lord. For that reason we would wish that the faithful of Rome give in their names in great numbers to this holy league, and that they vie in noble rivalry among themselves in offering to Jesus prayers and pious ejaculations, mortifications and other acts of devotion in reparation for the outrages which blasphemous tongues, or pens dipped in the poison of a lurid sect, have done to his Divine Majesty."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE HUMANITY OF
OUR LORD

The Missionary.

It was St. Gregory Nazianzen who said of Our Lord, speaking of His marvellous personality: "He was oppressed with hunger; but He feeds the thousands in the desert, and He is the living and celestial Bread. He was parched with thirst, but He comes alured, if any one thirst, let him come unto Me and drink, and He will be a fountain unto believers. He was weary, but He was the rest of those who are weary and heavy laden. He was weighed down with sleep, but He walked lightly on the wave, and He rebuked the winds, and He bore up Peter from the rolling billows. . . . If the things which evince His humanity have afforded thee a pretext for error, let the circumstances which attest His Divinity remove thy mistake."

The humanity of Our Lord was a perfect humanity, and it was a symmetrical and rational development that gave the world that perfect and adorable Saviour whose character and work must ever be the amazed object of study on the part of the wisest of philosophers. We, being defective in nature, are developed not only in truth but also in error; but not so with Our Blessed Lord. He was ever growing, and yet was ever complete. There are two conceivable kinds of development: one, development through antagonism, through error, from stage to stage of less and less deficiency. This is our development, but it is such because evil has gained a lodgment in our nature, and we can attain perfection only through contact with it. But there is another kind of development conceivable, the development of a perfect nature limited by time. Such a nature will always be potentially that which it will be already there, but the development of it is successive according to time, perfect at each several stage, but each stage more finished than the last. The plant is perfect while merely the green shoot above the earth—it is all it can be, then it is more perfect as the creature adorned with leaves and branches, and it is all it can be; it reaches its full perfection when the blossom breaks into flower. But it has been as perfect as it can be at every stage of its existence; it has had no struggle, no retrogression, it has realized in an entirely normal and natural way to each successive step of its life, exactly and fully that which a plant should be.

Such was the development of Christ. He was the perfect child, the perfect boy, the perfect youth, the perfect flower of manhood. Every stage of human life was lived in finished purity, and yet no stage was abnormally developed; there was nothing out of character in His life. He grew freely, nobly, naturally, unfolding all His powers without a struggle, in a completely healthy progress. Rev. P. J. Bradley says of Him in the Baltimore Catholic Review:

Ever since the dawn of Christianity the mystery of the Incarnation has afforded a fertile field for the speculation of the active but finite intellect of man. Some saw in Christ the ideal man, but nothing more; others admitted His divinity but denied the reality of His human nature. Revelation makes it clear that two perfect natures are united in the Person of Christ, and Christians must believe though they do not understand.

Of His childhood days the Gospel says but little, and imagination has to fill up the picture. Without any danger of irreverence we may take it that He shared the joys and sorrows of other children. The sweet songs of the birds charmed Him. He loved the beauty and fragrance of nature's flowers; and if Nazareth had a candy store He loved it, too.

I have read somewhere a beautiful legend of His youth. One day as He walked through the village, He saw a little maiden weeping as if her heart would break. His heart went out to her in sympathy, as He inquired the cause of her tears. Beside her lay her little pet canary, cold in death. He took the little bird in His hands and consoled the weeper by saying it only slept, and lo! next moment the canary sang as never sang before, and the little maiden's tears of sorrow were turned into tears of joy.

The time came at length when He was to reveal Himself to men as the

promised Messiah. Zeal for the salvation of souls was the characteristic feature of His public life, but He was always natural, always human. His illustrations were natural, so were His actions.

To impress upon His hearers the all-pervading Providence of God, He told them that the insignificant little sparrows were under the watchful care of Our Heavenly Father.

To warn them against undue anxiety about the things of this world, He mentioned the "tillies of the field, which neither sow nor spin, yet Solomon in all his splendor was not clothed in beauty that could compare with their beauty."

To bring home to their hearts God's infinite mercy towards His erring children. He spoke the beautiful and consoling parable of the Good Shepherd.

In a word, He knocked at the gate of every avenue that leads to the human heart. He was human, tenderly human, in His actions. The tears of a heartbroken mother moved Him to restore her only son. The sobbing sinner found mercy at His feet. He loved His country. He loved His friend. He wept over Jerusalem. In His agony He was human; He yearned for sympathy but His Apostles slept.

Too well I feel the picture I have drawn is very inadequate, but my aim is to draw attention to the most interesting and fascinating biography ever written namely, the Life of Christ, written, it is true, by men, but under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Take and read, for to know Christ is to love Him.

CATHOLICITY

THE CHURCH'S MOST NOTABLE
POSSESSION

To be Catholic means several things and all the meanings must be present in a Church which claims this among its characteristics. To the member of the Catholic Church this word is the most descriptive title of his Church, and, while he recognizes it to possess the right to be called also One, Holy and Apostolic, in speaking familiarly he calls it the "Catholic Church." Catholicity then may be said to be the note which in the minds of the people is most important. In its primary significance of course, it means that the Church is found everywhere—that is "universal." "Their sound is gone out into all lands" must be characteristic of any Catholic preaching of the gospel. Then it means also that it holds everywhere the same doctrine, sends up to heaven one Sacrifice, offers one Service and follows one practice.

All the above would scarcely seem necessary even to state were it not that there are those who profess to be Catholics who are yet separated from the unity of Catholic life, and I have stated these things in order to examine their claim to Catholicity on these bases. The Anglican speaks of the "three branches" of the Catholic Church, meaning thereby the Church in communion with the See of Rome, the separated Eastern Churches, and his own. These, he claims, are all Catholic—indeed that taken together they are the Catholic Church, and that they differ radically from the modern Protestant sects. He bases his assertions as to their Catholicity on the claim of a common Apostolic descent the possession of valid orders and a lawful ministry.

It would take too much space and otherwise be profitless to go into the matter of the Church's decisions in this regard, but let it be noted that these decisions do not say that there are no validly ordained priests or bishops in the Anglican communion.

Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the Anglican claim were true, and that they did possess a valid ministry, how would that affect the claim of their Church to Catholicity? Let us examine it by the tests given above. Is the Anglican Church Catholic in extent? Outside of Great Britain and her colonies she is nowhere a powerful body, and even in many of the British possessions she is decidedly a minority. In the United States her communicants number scarcely more than one per cent. of the population, and in many parts of the country the Episcopal Church is either not known at all or is one of the least known of religious bodies. It is often confused with the "Methodist Episcopal Church" and its existence or non-existence is a matter of utter indifference to many of our fellow-countrymen. Not so the Catholic Church—ask any man you meet. He may hate it, but he knows about it. He is not indifferent to it. He witnesses to its universality and to its unique position. There is to him but one Catholic Church and he is perfectly sure where it may be found.

THE TRULY UNIVERSAL CHURCH

The Catholic Church is represented in every field and has her adherents among all nations. A large section of the Anglican Church repudiates the idea that they have any right to do missionary work in certain parts of the world where, as they say, another "branch" of the Catholic Church is at work, while others make the statement that the Episcopal Church should confine herself to ministering to certain races or classes of people, thus witnessing to the fact that they do not believe her commission to be a really Catholic one. Nordo the Eastern Churches fare any better in regard, for their strength is wholly confined to the East or to emigrated members from the East.

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Missionary effort is almost wholly wanting among them, and they are even less Catholic in extent than Anglicanism. They do present one fairly well-defined set of doctrines and have retained their offering of the Mass as the great act of Christian worship, but this is because they are an embalmed copy of the tenth century Church, rigid in their conformity to things as they were helpless to define anything beyond the decrees of the first seven general councils.

The Anglican claim fails to pieces completely if we apply the doctrinal or practical test, for although they may sing,

"We are not divided,
All on one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity."

they are nothing of the sort; and, even when the writer accepted their position, he used to be painfully aware of the fact. That hymn sung by a congregation of persons in perfectly good ecclesiastical standing who hold everything from straight out Unitarianism to the beliefs of the Catholic Church in almost every particular, can hardly be called "one in doctrine nor even in "hope," for one desires his Church to be completely Protestant, while the other hopes for the extinction of every Protestant element in it. I will forbear to comment on the amount of unity in "charity" which exists between High and Broad Church for example. And practice is not less confused than doctrine. The differences between different parishes of the Episcopal Church are notorious and causes many of the most bitter trials of the clergy. For many years I fought it out, always offending some members of my congregation who objected to things as they were. "This must be very High Church; I never saw it like this," was the frequent complaint both of parishioners and visitors where I officiated. Twelve years of this sort of thing showed me plainly that there is no one form of service which is acceptable to them all.

Catholicity presupposes unity, and I have already tried to show how the Anglican Church failed me in that. Since she is not one, she cannot be Catholic, though this does not in any way deny the existence of many truly Catholic souls within her, nor does it deny their real belief in their Catholicity.

It is simply a mistake which they are as yet unable to see in its true light and rectify. To be Catholic a Church must be able to go forth with one voice; and to do this it must go forth from one center, and there is no center from which it may go forth but that one given by Our Blessed Lord when He said, "Thou art Peter and on this Rock will I build My Church." That Christ established more than one Catholic Church no one claims, and that it could lose either its unity or its catholicity and still remain the true Church is unthinkable. The Catholic Church is no nebulous aggregation; it is a well-defined and visible kingdom. Its seat is at Rome and its Viceregent here on earth is Peter's successor,—Floyd Keeler, formerly Anglican Archdeacon of Salina, Kansas, in the Lamp.

AN EMPLOYER'S INFLUENCE

How far-reaching the influence of good example is, is set forth by the New World, Chicago, in the following: "The most genuinely pious man we know is a middle-aged father of a family, who has worked for over a quarter of a century for the same firm. His piety has often been a matter of wonder to us, for he was brought up in a remote rural section, with few opportunities for receiving instruction or going to the Sacraments. The secret of it came out not long ago when he told us that one of the greatest influences for good in his life had been the example set him by his employer. 'I saw him,' he said, 'receiving Holy Communion daily at a time when such a thing was almost unheard-of with the average man. I saw him honest in his business dealings and giving generously to the support of religion, and I never heard him use an oath or speak other than respectfully of the Church and her priests. So I thought I couldn't do better than follow him.'

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By C.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE DAY'S RESULT

Is anybody happier because you passed his way?

Does anyone remember that you spoke to him to-day?

This day is almost over and its toiling time is through;

Is there any one to utter now a kindly word of you?

Did you give a cheerful greeting to the friend who came along,

Or a churlish sort of "howdy" and then vanish in the throng?

Were you selfish, pure and simple, as you rushed along the way.

Or is some one mighty grateful for a deed you did today?

Can you say to-night, in parting with the day that's slipping fast,

That you helped a single brother of the many that you passed?

Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said?

Does a man whose hopes were fading now with courage look ahead.

Did you waste the day or lose it, was it well or poorly spent?

Did you leave a trail of kindness or a scar of discontent?

As you close your eyes in slumber do you think that God would say You have earned one more tomorrow by the work you did today.

—EDGAR S. GUEST

DO THE HARD THINGS FIRST

Suspended above the desk of a Pittsburgh bank president is this motto; "Do the hard things first." Ten years ago he was discount clerk in the same bank.

"How did you climb so fast?" I asked.

"I lived up to that text," he replied.

"Tell me about it," I asked.

"There is not much to tell," he replied. "I have long been conscious that I was not keeping up with my work; it was distasteful to me. When I opened my desk in the morning and found it covered with reminders of work to be done during the day, I became discouraged. There were always plenty of comparatively easy things to do, and these I did first, putting off the disagreeable duties as long as possible. Result: I became intellectually lazy. I felt a decreased capacity for my work. One morning I woke up. I took stock of myself to find out the trouble. Memoranda of several matters that had long needed attention stared at me from my calendar. I had been carrying them along from day to day. Inclosed in a rubber band were a number of unanswered letters which necessitated the looking up of certain information before the replies could be sent. I had tried for days to ignore their presence."

"Suddenly the thought came to me, 'I have been doing only the easy things. By postponing the disagreeable tasks, the mean, annoying, little things, my mental muscles have been allowed to grow flabby. They must get some exercise.' I took off my coat and proceeded to 'clean house.' It wasn't half as hard as I had expected. Then I took a card and wrote on it: 'Do the hard things first,' and put it where I could see it every morning. I've been doing the hard things first ever since."

HARD WORK SPELLS SUCCESS

Following rainbows in the form of get-rich-quick schemes is the shortcut to failure, Governor Philipps of Wisconsin, thinks. He holds that for every plunger who scores a brilliant success there are thousands of failures among men who bank on the turn of a single card in the business world. Conservative men are the great business leaders of the country.

Here are a few of the governor's milestones and guideposts on "the road to success":

"Find out what you want to do and do it well."

"Don't be a plunger—don't chase rainbows—be conservative."

"Don't borrow money unless you know how you are going to pay it back."

"There is a pay day for everything in life, and the man who fails to keep his credit good cannot succeed."

"Don't be just legally honest—but honest because you like to be square and clean in your dealings."

"Put 'pep' into your work and be game in the face of failure."

"There is no royal road to success—success means industry honestly applied."

BE BRIEF

"There is no business so important that it cannot be told on one sheet of paper," said Cyrus W. Field. "Time is very valuable. Punctuality, honesty, and brevity are the watchwords of life. Never write a long letter. A business man has not right to read it. If you have anything to say, be brief."

"Years ago, when I was laying the Atlantic cable, I had occasion to send a very important letter to England. I knew it would have to be read by the Prime Minister and by the Queen. I wrote out what I had to say. It covered several sheets of paper. Then I went over it twenty times, eliminating words here and there, making sentences briefer, until finally I got all I had to say on one sheet of paper. Then I mailed it."

"In due time I received the answer. It was a satisfactory one, too; but do you think I would have fared so well if my letter had

covered half a dozen sheets? No, indeed. Brevity is a rare gift."—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE USEFUL DIARY

The papers are telling a story of a certain nine-year-old boy who has been keeping a diary. The book was given him last Christmas by a relative, and his father had forgotten all about it until he accidentally found the volume the other day. Curious to see what his small son had written in it he opened the book and found that the diary had been faithfully kept. Here are a few of the entries:

"I am nine years old to day. Looked in the glass, but wiskars ain't sproutin' yet."

"Sassed a boy. Got lucky. Pop borrid 10 cents for car fair, that makes \$1.15 he owes me. Wonder if I'll ever get it?"

"Jimmy stole my ball. I licked him for it."

"Ast pop for some of my money and he gave me a nickel. I want that dolar."

"We feloes got up a baseball club to day. Ima pitcher. If I had that dolar 15 I could get a uniform."

"Pop got paid to day and give me my money."

"Mamma borrid a dolar. These people are always borroin. A felon can't save nothing."

"Ast pop about banks. I want to put my money ware car fair aint so shrike."

"Got lucky again."

There was more of this, but "Pop" had read enough. As a result there was a conference, and now the arrangement is to pay 5% a week interest and settle every pay day. The boy got his "uniform."—Catholic News.

A BUNCH OF WILD FLOWERS

Opportunities for sending a ray of brightness into darkened lives comes to us often than we realize. Happy are those who are not too blind to see them.

One bright afternoon in early summer, two young girls walked quickly along a city street, each carrying a basket heaped with wild flowers. It was in the outskirts of the city, and the girls were returning from a trip to the woods and fields. As they neared a street corner, a small boy playing in the sand looked up wistfully.

"Won't you please give me a flower?" he asked.

One of the girls stopped involuntarily and put her hand into her basket.

"Don't give him anything, Maida," her companion urged. "He'll probably pull the flowers to pieces if you give it to him."

"I don't believe he would," the other answered. "He looks as though he'd be careful with it."

So she picked out a bunch of blossoms, and handed them to the little fellow, who smiled shyly.

A few days afterwards, Maida's mother was asking her sewing woman about a sick girl, in whose care she had been much interested.

"She is better, I think," answered the seamstress, who lived in the same house with the sick girl. "Something so nice happened to her last week. She loves flowers dearly, but the family is very poor, and now the cost of her sickness makes it much worse. It is all they can do to buy medicine for her, without paying for flowers. But one afternoon last week her little brother came home with such a lovely bunch of wild flowers. She was filled with delight, and asked him where he got them. He owned up that he had asked a lady who was coming home from the woods with a whole basketful, for them. You never saw anyone so happy over a few blossoms. She had her mother change the water in the glass every day, so as to keep them fresh as possible, as she could, and she kept the flowers till they were all dried up."

It was not that this young woman had a better opportunity than those that come to us. But she was glad to give a bit of pleasure wherever she could, and so she did not miss the greater opportunity when it came.—True Voice.

ROBERT'S LESSON

Robert was insulted. The teacher had crowded another boy into his seat, which was plainly intended for only one. He was a new boy, and while he was neat, and could read quite as well as Robert, he had not right to take up part of his seat.

The teacher had explained that as the room was overcrowded it was necessary to put two boys in one seat. But why should he be singled out to put up with this nuisance, he could not understand. True, Tommy Turner had a seatmate, but he liked company.

Robert sat very straight and stiff in the middle of the seat, determined not to give an inch to the intruder. The new boy was crowded to the very edge of the seat, and there seemed to be no room for his books, while it was very plain that he did not like the idea of being forced in where he was unwelcome.

All day Robert kept his place in the middle of the seat, though Tommy had found that his seat was really large enough for two boys to get along nicely, and he and his new chum were the best of friends.

The next morning Robert sat as straight as ever. At the close of the morning exercises Miss Brake took from her desk two tubes, the same size and shape, the one made of rubber and the other of glass. She showed how the rubber one would bend into various shapes, while the

glass one was always "rigid," as she said.

Then she put each into a long, narrow box that was just a little small, so small that she had to crowd to get them into it. What happened? The rubber tube bent just enough that it squeezed in nicely; but when she tried to crowd the glass tube into place it snapped and broke into several pieces.

"You see what has happened," she explained. "If the glass tube had not been so stiff, and 'rigid' that it would neither give nor take an inch of space on either side, it would not have come to grief."

Now this may have been Miss Brakes way of teaching the meaning of the word "rigid," for she was always doing something of this sort to make it easy to remember the hard things. But Robert's face grew very red, for he could see that there might be another meaning in her experiment.

When he went back to his seat he was very careful to see that he did not take more than his half of the seat, and was really surprised to find how much room there was when the two boys worked together.—True Voice.

HIDDEN TREASURES

There is always a fascination in hidden treasures; but this in regard to the mineral treasures hidden in the earth by nature, or the treasures accidentally lost or purposely concealed by man, writes Right Rev. Bishop Busch.

Treasures of a spiritual nature are likewise buried within reach if we but knew. There are chapters, or at least portions of our catechism that would afford us much consolation and spiritual benefit, and were we but aware of the fact, we might be tempted to dig them out for our own advantage or that of others. The chapter on the Angels is such.

The Cardinal virtues, Fortitude, Justice, Prudence and Temperance, how necessary they would seem particularly in our times! The traveller is guarded against a wayward egotism by the warning of needless reliance on the external guidance of the Catholic Church.

All this, coupled with devotion to the Sacred Heart and trust in the prayers of saints and angels, is admirable, and a real advance to that unity for which all are sighing.

"Our only criticism is not on any point of doctrine, practice or manner, but that these eloquent pages, earnest and rich in Scripture, present at times a vagueness and lack of dogmatic theology. . . . The book is intended to meet the definite spiritual needs of many devout persons at the present hour; but it is much more than this—it is a sign of the times. (Italics ours.)

We give below a really beautiful thing which lately appeared in The American Catholic (Anglican). It is entitled:

The following news to those of my readers who with the Popes have so long deplored the flooding of this country with these mutilated versions of God's Holy Book. On with the prayers!"

The following is a fine tribute from the editorial page of the English Church Times to the refining power of the Catholic Faith:

"The chivalry of the Middle Ages, which at its best was a very beautiful thing, and even at its worst was not ignoble, grew actually out of the Catholic religion. We have said that the Catholic saints were models of courtesy. What better example could one have of this than the letter written by St. Paul to Philemon, a 'little chef-d'oeuvre,' so Renan called it, of the epistolary art? Its exquisite tact, its fine courtesy, its freedom from self-assertion, show that it was written by one who was the best of the word. Christian controversy has sometimes obtained a bad name for bitterness and bad manners, but a book like Newman's 'Apologia,' written in a fiery heat of anger and indignation, contains not a trace of rudeness."

Catholic Book Notes reviews very sympathetically a deeply spiritual little book entitled "The Sacred Way," by Rev. Jesse Brett, an Anglican chaplain of one of the communities of women in the Church of England. The review goes on to say:

"As this book, partly ascetical and partly mythical, is founded on St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Bernard, Mother Julian of Norwich, and Father Poulian, we are not surprised that its substance and method are doctrinally sound. Main features in this rule of the Sacred Way are the fervent use of confession, recourse to a spiritual director, humility, courage, mortification, and an habitual upward look of the soul towards God. Fidelity to the guidance of the Holy Ghost and the reception of Holy Communion hold the first place in the life of advancement. The traveller is guarded against a wayward egotism by the warning of needless reliance on the external guidance of the Catholic Church. All this, coupled with devotion to the Sacred Heart and trust in the prayers of saints and angels, is admirable, and a real advance to that unity for which all are sighing.

"Our only criticism is not on any point of doctrine, practice or manner, but that these eloquent pages, earnest and rich in Scripture, present at times a vagueness and lack of dogmatic theology. . . . The book is intended to meet the definite spiritual needs of many devout persons at the present hour; but it is much more than this—it is a sign of the times. (Italics ours.)

We give below a really beautiful thing which lately appeared in The American Catholic (Anglican). It is entitled:

The greatest influence of my life

A long-drawn breath, a hand moving from brow to breast, eyes lifted for an instant before closing towards the racked Figure on the Crucifix beside the chancel, a shadowy glimmer of a patient face above a violet stole, and I sink to my knees once more in the familiar place.

Since my last appearance a month has passed, four long weeks of renewed purpose and frustrated endeavor, thirty days of mingled weariness and hope. Each morning, the sign of the cross and a fresh resolve to go softly and sinlessly through just one day; each evening, the bowed head looking down in gentle reproach from my bedsheet crucifix, the weary plaint:

"Mary, Mother, pray for me because I have sinned."

Because I have sinned: This is why I, with many others, am here today, to share the painful happiness of revealing my sins to a fellow creature.

So the timid, sordid recital begins, untruthfulness, presumption, uncharitableness—"Oh Father, it's all the same old things I told last time;" and still the patient face beyond the lattice remains mercifully averted, and beside the door, God in His death Agony reaches His Arms to me. So the minutes pass: dishonesty, malice, despair; once I falter and pause until the reassuring whisper comes, "Go on my child." So one broken law follows another, vanity, envy, sloth; so the night grows and deepens around the wavering soul, so the horror and wretchedness of sin becomes even more lurid until I almost look to see great drops of blood oozing from the very wood of the crucifix, and the all-pervading loneliness of Gethsemane encompasses me about.

A surprise rustles in the twilight; I feel rather than see three figures lifted above me: "Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who has left power in His Church to absolve;" and the darkness begins to lift; "and by His Authority;" and the East is gray: "I absolve thee from all thy sins;" and the glory of the Resurrection Dawn is here: in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." And the Father, Son and Holy Ghost welcome me at the very gate of Heaven.

And Magdalene from the Garden, so the shrunken penitents return to the love and service of God's world:

"For if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

This is the greatest influence in my life—the confessional.—The Lamp.

He who shuns unusual efforts will never accomplish unusual results.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

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NOT GOD'S, BUT MAN'S WAR, SAYS ANTON LANG

Oberammergau, Bavaria, Dec. 26. ("This is not God's war; it is a man's war. So long as there are armies and so long as nations prepare, there will be war."

Spoke Anton Lang, "Christus" in Oberammergau's world-famous Passion Play, today, on the saddest Yuletide the little Bavarian village has ever known. Of her 1,800 population, Oberammergau has given 350 to the army, including Alfred Bierling, the "Saint John" of the play, who is now an artillerist in the German army.

Lang desired that greetings be sent to his friends in America and that denial be made that he had joined a machine gun company.

"I have never been to the front," said this bearded man whose face most nearly resembles the features of the Saviour. "I am still alive. Please tell my many American friends that for me."

And then Lang showed his visitors' book, with the names of thousands of his friends signed therein. One signature was that of the King of Rumania. He said:

"Fifty of our people have fallen. How shall it end? I see no end. I see another spring of fighting, bloodier than ever. And if neither side is defeated, then more fighting, with millions being killed and millions of others working so other millions shall be killed, with some of those millions becoming rich in the war."

WAR CONTRARY TO GOSPEL

"I recall Christ's words, 'Who shall perish by the sword.' That doesn't mean Europe shall perish by the sword, but I interpret the phrase to mean that he who starts war shall perish."

"I would be glad if there were no militarism in any land. Shall poison always be used to destroy poison? Isn't there another method? Cannot all militarism be destroyed by international agreements? Cannot America take the first step?"

Lang was told how some of Rumania's soldiers said they did not believe in God any more because God would not permit such murder as the great war has brought about. Lang replied slowly:

"Yes, I know. I receive similar letters from the front. But I reply, this is not God's war; it is man's war. Nowhere in the Bible are nations told to murder; on the contrary, the Bible says, 'Thou shalt not kill,' but I know how the feeling is growing among soldiers and I fear the war's bad effect on them."

"Sometimes I think the war is a necessary evil. The world seems to learn by experience."

"I hope America is never threatened by such a war. As long as there are armies and as long as nations prepare, there will be war. Until all unite and agree to limit their armies and navies to mere police forces, wars will continue. Fifty or sixty years after this war ends there may be another."

"That is the saddest thought today. Why has England the largest navy? Why has Germany the largest army? Because of world trade."

"How sad it is to see Christmas—and no end to war."

"My Christmas message to America is my fervent hope that she will do something to bring about permanent peace. I hope and pray that peace of which Christ preached—peace on earth, good will to men—will be brought to Europe through America."

"It would be the finest Christmas gift to the world."

"As long as people are selfish and unsatisfied—though they have everything and until they follow Christ's example, then there will be war."

"I see another spring of fighting with blood flowing like a swollen mountain stream."

Lang was dressed in his Red Cross uniform and had just returned when interviewed from a cemetery, where he had buried an officer. The face of the famous "Christus" was placid—a picture of patience—but his words revealed his own suffering."

CATHOLICITY IS INCREASING AT FAST RATE IN SWITZERLAND

ADVANCING BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS. PROTESTANT CHURCH IMITATING CATHOLICISM

The faith is advancing by leaps and bounds in Switzerland, even in the Vaudois. In the organ of the National Protestant church, The Seineur, a Monsignor Fourmedord has been writing a series of articles on the present situation. He feels anxious, for he sees all around him the revival of "Romanism." Hethinks this is partly due to the faults of the Protestant system, which takes from the Church its universal importance with its character of Catholicism, so

that it becomes confounded with the State.

He finds Protestant churches in that stronghold of Lutheranism, Lausanne, imitating "Romanism," having "mystic hours" during which the service is a mixture of aestheticism and imitations of Catholic devotion and the pastor by his attitude and gesture seeks to copy the Catholic priest. Then, too, there has been such a flood of immigration from Catholic countries that the parishes have multiplied enormously. As an example, the parish of St. Valentine, which numbered four thousand Catholics, is now divided into four parishes comprising 20,000 Catholics, and many priests have to be provided to meet this great increase.

The writer also finds a wave of conversions sweeping over Lausanne and talks about "young men and girls attracted by the pomp and mysticism of the Roman Church." He admits that the Catholic Hierarchy is perfect, but says a "religious imperialism" is incompatible with liberty, truth and justice, and asserts that Protestantism is the guardian of "religious liberty."

—Providence Visitor.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE NORTH

In spite of the fact that Richard Alden, author of the "Shepherd of the North" has another book already ready for publication there are a great number of Catholic readers, who so far, have not availed themselves of the opportunity and pleasure of reading "Shepherd of the North." In this book Mr. Maher demonstrates his ability to create tense situations and his work was pronounced one of the literary finds of 1916.

The hero of the book is Bishop Alden, a big-brained, broad-minded, generous man, a splendid and wholly satisfying character who will appeal to the reader immediately on account of the lovable qualities of his nature. His ministrations among the people of the Adirondack country whose esteem and confidence he has won and particularly of the war that he wages successfully against an encroaching railroad enables the author to write with much charm. The climax is reached in a forest fire of gigantic proportion which is set by the railroad as a means of accomplishing its purpose. Forest fires have figured in literature before but one who has seen a forest fire will realize how true and how vivid Father Maher's description is.

There is a secondary plot in the "Shepherd of the North" and one which is as dramatic as that centering around the forest fire. It involves a question of honor, the solution of which requires not a little ingenuity on the part of the writer. The problems which Father Maher raises in this connection and which have to do with the confessional are splendidly treated and lead to one of the most powerful situations of recent fiction.

An illustration of how the Shepherd of the North was received is it but necessary to say that a second edition was required within week of its appearance. It is a book that should be in every Catholic library and Catholic family; and broad as such a distribution would be then it would still be rather limited, for while it is a novel of Catholic appeal, it is so stirring a story of adventure that the general reading public irrespective of religious affiliations, can find much enjoyment in it.

THE LITTLE IRISH SCULPTOR

Some weeks ago, Dr. John F. Golden, Chicago, an intimate friend of the late Dr. John B. Murphy, called on Dr. James Keefe, another intimate friend of Dr. Murphy, and told him, in substance, that an eccentric little Irishman had been bothering him with requests to come out to his "studio" and look at a model of a bust of the great physician and benefactor of humanity.

Dr. Keefe laughed over the description of the little stranger.

"Pass him to me," he said.

A day or two later Dr. Keefe began getting telephone calls; then visits to his office. Finally, he gave the caller an audience. He found him a little immigrant from Cork, fifty-four years old, named M. Thomas Murphy. Dr. Keefe listened to Murphy's story and finally consented to go out with him to view the model.

Murphy gleefully led him through a dark woodshed into an unheated, unfurnished, discarded portable garage, and lovingly unveiled a lump of something that stood on a block in the center of the floor.

Dr. Keefe took one look and gasped. Before him stood an unfinished but marvelously true bust of

his departed friend—a heroic likeness, bearing so lifelike a resemblance that it is said Dr. Keefe wept. A photograph was taken of the work. It was exhibited to Dr. Golden and other friends of Dr. Murphy, including, it is said, Mrs. Potter Palmer. And all were struck with wonder at the perfection of the model.

The plans for the Murphy Memorial building have not yet been completed. But it is hinted that M. Thomas Murphy's bust of the surgeon probably will grace it.—The Catholic Sun.

NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE FROM THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

Ottawa, Dec. 30.—His Excellency the Governor-General as president of the Canadian Patriotic Fund has issued the following New Year's appeal on behalf of the Fund:

Twice his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught appealed to the people of Canada in support of the Canadian Patriotic Fund. The prompt and generous response on each occasion proves how truly Canada appreciates the debt which she owes to her sons who are fighting for the Empire. Heavy as the sacrifices have already been, the Dominion is as determined as ever to carry the war to a successful conclusion and, however onerous the burden may be, she is equally determined to help the families of those who are serving in the army and in the navy. The administration of the fund has been most successful and economic and subscribers can be fully assured that their contributions are being expended to the best advantage.

Fifty-five thousand families, comprising one hundred and fifty thousand individuals, are to-day dependent upon the fund and it is estimated that \$12,500,000 will be required to meet the requirements of the next twelve months.

The sum is a large one but when the circumstances are fully realized I am confident that the people of Canada will willingly contribute the amount necessary for the fund to continue its patriotic and beneficial work.

(Signed) DEVONSHIRE

HEROIC BISHOP OF ARRAS DIES

Paris, December 26.—Monsignor Emile Lobbedey, Bishop of Arras, who was recently decorated by President Poincaré with the Legion of Honor for remaining in the city during the bombardment and aiding the soldiers and the civilian population, has died at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

When honored by the French Government, Bishop Lobbedey offered his Cross of the Legion of Honor to His Holiness Pope Benedict XV., but the Pontiff told him to keep it in his name. Writing to the Bishop on that occasion, Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, said: "The distinguished honor which Your Lordship has received from the highest authority of your country has brought them both—they will see and hear more than may be learned of a hundred universities or encyclopedias. Their pale dream of a finite absolute Godlessly limited by the thought of His mind and the work of His hand, will give place to an infinite God Who speaks of old; Oh, may thy bleeding Belgium soon pass her dolorous way; And may her seed possess the land The tyrant wastes to day!"

LIVE MERCIER OF BELGIUM, GOD'S PRIEST AND PRELATE BOLD, WHO REPRIMANDING SPEAKS TO KINGS

Brave Mercier of Belgium; Where'er the mailed hand Doth hold in stern subjection's bonds

The genius of the land, There may thy glowing words be seen—

A scroll of deathless light, There urge the patriot mother arm Her son in Freedom's fight!

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"Nothing But Leaves"

Not Tea Leaves intermixed with Dust, Dirt and Stems but all Virgin Leaves.

"SALADA"

has the reputation of being the cleanest, and most perfect tea sold.

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BLACK, GREEN OR MIXED.
SEALED PACKETS ONLY.

\$1.

Let your plans for the New Year include the resolution to save at least one dollar each week towards a Savings Account with the Home Bank.